# A poore Knight his Pallace *of priuate pleaſures.*

Gallantly garniſhed, with goodly Galleries of ſtrang inuentiõs and prudently poliſhed, with ſundry pleaſant Poſies, & other fine fancies of dainty deuices, and rare delightes.

*Written by a ſtudent in Cãbridge.*

And publiſhed by I. C. Gent.

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# I. C. To the Reader of the poore *Knight his Posies.*

GEntle Reader, the feare of Ignomynie & shamefull reproch, hath caused the Author of these Posies to withholde his name from the same, whom for this time I haue thought not much amisse, to collour & set forth in the name of the poore Knight, & I do duly protest vnto thee, that without my great intreaty, these fewe Posies had not as yet come vnto thy hand. Wherfore, if that any thing in the same be acceptable, and worthy of commendacion, attribute the same vnto the poore Knight, which shalbe both ioyfull vnto mee, and no small incouragement to him. But if on the contrary, any thinge demerit blame, I submit my selfe to beare the reproch, (which was the publisher of the same,) desiring to quite him, and set him free, which is the Author: least by his discouragement we should lose that, which hereafter wee looke for. But by the way (gentle Reader) I doo admonish thee, that in the first three Posies, thou take Iudgement to thy reading, least with the Spyder thou finde poyson, where the painfull Bee may gather Honny: For although the name seeme somewhat vayne, (yet the outwarde apperance doth not iudge the matter, according to the Prouerbe: *Cuculus non facit monachum*: The matter is delectable, and requireth to bee red with Iudgement. Thus I ende, desiring thee to accept (my freend) the poore Knight his Posies in good worth.

From my Chamber in Grayes Inne. I. C.

The.

# The Letter of the Authored F. C. concerning these Posies.

IN Sommer tide, and gallant prime, when trees doo bud and blow,
And when as Ver with hawthe hue, in euery feelde doth show.
When as eche groue bedeckt with clothes, most meete for his degree,
Did make a shade to all the Nimphes, in silent woods that bee.
When as Don Phœbus scorchinge beames, with scalding heate did burne,
And when as hoary VVinters head, his hue did change and turne.
When Neptune graunted fauour free, to Alcion his loue,
As well roughe Boreas boysterous blastes, as Tritons hart to moue,
Beeing voide of all solace and mirth, I sayd men do wne to sleepe,
In weary woods betaking mee, vnto the Fawnes to kepe.
Where neither Philomelas noate, nor fragrant smell did want,
To set mee in that pleasant pathe, or finish my intente:
And as I walkte that pleasant way, the tedious time t'expell,
Beholde I saw I know not where, a thing that liked mee well,
And they to whom I did commit, my body to defend,
Did shew mee this at whose request, this Vision I haue pende.
And vnto you gentle I. C. beeing pend, I send the same,
To reade, to rate, to blot, to burne, the faults that merit blame.
For why? sith first you did commaund him, whose deny was gone,
Yea him I say whom to this taske, you should command alone.
Accept this Posie which I send, vnperfit though it bee,
And call to minde those gentle wordes, which once you spake to mee.
And spurd mee forth which erst was bent, no such attempt to gin,
But answered thus: tis good to sleepe beeing wrapt in a whole skin.
But then hard by the Temple Bar, you sayd you did expect,
The somme of that which now in somme, is brought into effect.
And for your owne sweet selfe I writ, the sequell that I send,
And wish you well to shew the same, to foe ne yet to freend.
And least perchance ere you be ware, some chance to spie the same,
I thought it good by good aduise, for to detaine my name.
Thus fare you well my freend I. C. commend mee to your brother,
For whom before three Monthes be ronne I will prepare an other.

From his Study, yours as his owne.

# The vale of Venus, with all the wayes *and footpathes vnto her Forte, beeing* ſcituate in the ſame.

## The Argument.

The Autor penneth, wherof he hath no proofe,
But as in dreame, ſo doth his knowledge come:
Hee warnes all thoſe whoſe caſe it doth behooue,
To flie theſe panges, or els to taſte of ſome,
VVhich hee diſplayeth, as proper vnto Loue:
The wofull ſtate, of thoſe which run that race,
By others fate, which hertofore did prooue,
VVhom hee by heapes, hath brought into this place:
But if that loue do bring no pinching payne,
The Autor ſayth, hee will recant agayne.

WHen as my dazled eyes, by Sopor were oppreſt, (reſt,
God Morpheus with his fethered limmes would let mée take no
But with his wonted guiſe, did fæde my minde with dreames,
And ſhewed to mæ, faire Helicon, with all the ſiuer ſtreames.
The manſion of the dames: with euery Laurell træ,
With Herbers, Bowres, and pleaſant flowres, that on Parnaſſus bée,
From firy Phœbus throne, to Pluto his pudled Denne,
Yea all that lay in Neptunes gulfes, and in Leerna Fenne.
Nothing was then concealed, each God in his degræ,
From Iupiter and Iunos right, vnto the Furies thræ:
My Angell then was bent, to viſite euery place,
For why, hæ ſayd that it was long, ſince hæ did run that race:
And though that weary way, were tedious ſteppes to mé,
Yet thought I not my labour loſt, ſuch ſtrange delights to ſé.
Within a valley low, there ſtode a Caſtle hye,
Which by the might of Phœbus beames, did glitter in mine eye.

# The poore Knight, his Pallace

No man could palle therto, to foe nor yet to frænd,
But that hee ſhould aſſure himſelfe, ſome hill for to aſſend:
For why? before the walles, (which were exceeding good)
By Natures fræ munition, foure hugy hilles there ſtood,
Which ſeemed a great defence to feare the foming foe,
Menacinge feare to faynting hartes, and to the daſtard woe.
And yet about the hilles great beaten pathes there were,
Which did the reſore of paſſengers vnto that place declare.
Wherwith I was amazde, this ſtrange deuiſe to ſee,
Yet durſt I not demaund my God, what building it ſhould bee.
But when hee did perceiue, how trembling I did ſtand,
Feare not (quoth hee) (and therwithall hee tooke mee by the hande)
For lo that ſhining place beeing ſituate in the vale
The Caſtle and the forſtreſſe ſtrong, of Venus men doo call.
The Valley where it ſtands, hath Smyrdo vnto name,
By whole conſent of heauenly Gods, allotted to this dame.
The Father of the Gods, with Iuory ſtaffe in hand,
Hath giuen vnto his Daughter dere, this ſweete and fertill lande.
And euery forrain coaſt, doo yeld her homage due,
Some ſacrifice vnto her ſhrine, her wrath for to eſchue,
Beholde the hilles (quoth hee) which compaſſe in theſame,
And beare in minde if that thou canſt in order euery name.
The firſt vnto the North, is called Change of loy,
For hee that entreth on the ſame, is entred to annoy.
The ſecond Fickleneſſe, the ſecond chance in loue,
Now hot, now cold, now quicke, now dead: as many men doo proue.
The thirde is Apetite, as red as raging fire,
Such is the chance of louers powre, to banquiſh their deſire.
The fourth is Crabbed Care, imployd with ſtrakes of red,
Upon this Mount alas I rue, lay many Captiues ded.
My guyde there ſtayd, but I deſirous of the ſame,
Did aſke of him why euery Hill, inioyd that proper name.
Within eche Hill (quoth hee) a furious Fiend doth reſt,
And in the hill hath digged a Denne, to bee his nightly neſt.
The Mountes enioy the name, and doth that title win,
As doth that bellish hound inioy, which hath his Den therin.
None entreth to the Forte, which will diſplayne to fight,
With him which ſtands, with club in hand, and challeng it by right.

And

And none shall passe the Mount, but hee shall him withstand,
And hee shall quite him passing well, that shall not fixie his hand.
Yea Hercules himselfe, which erst had bin at Hell,
And bound the barking Cerberus, which in the Lake did dwell:
Could not resist these strokes, nor warde these battering blowes,
But yeelded him to Crabbed Care, as well his toombe forshowes.
And dying on the Mount, with fire it is suspected,
Yee hath his Tombe and Monument within that hill erected.
For none can come to Loue, or to her Castle rare,
But that hee must ascend them all in order as they are.
Good syr (quoth I agayne) I pray declare to mee,
What is the cause that in this place so many pathes there bee?
For if the case were such, as you haue erst declared,
The passage should bee perilous and much for to be feared.
Morpheus replyde agayne, I finde none other cause,
Why such resort of mortall men, vnto her tent shee drawes,
But that shee dooth delight the minde of man and beast,
And tickleth forth the willing minde, vnto Dame Venus neast.
For first in Saturns dayes, when men did simply liue,
Shee shewed forth that was vnknowen, and preceptes shee did giue,
In Venus trade and did instruct them in such sorte,
That euer since to Venus Vale, they cease not to resorte:
Yea since those flourishing dayes, shee led their fancies so,
And opened vnto them the doore, which erst they did not know.
That now in euery Region, a costly shryne she hath,
From whence vnto her Mansion, there lyeth a beaten path:
A path I say she hath, which comes from euery place,
For to conduct those passengers, which ronne in Cupids race.
Lo see the path of Troy, where Troylus lyeth dead,
And see where good Diophœbus by Grækes is murdered.
Corebus with the loue, vnto Cassandra borne,
Among the rest do couched lye, on carking care forlorne.
There Paris hath a Tombe, far distant from the rest,
A gorgious Tombe no doubt it was, exceeding all the best.
Upon eth ende therof a furious Fænd doth lye,
The one doth sound a dolefull Trumpe vnto the cloudy skye:
Wherwith eth place resounds, as well the vale as hill,
The other shouteth oft and shrickes, with trembling voyce and shryll.

And with his rauening mouth doth neuer cease to teare,
The bones of Paris which longe since, vpon the Mountaine were.
Thys? (quoth I to Morpheus) what meane those dolefull mones,
And what meanes hee, that often shrykes and feedes vpon the bones?
The one (quoth hee) who sounds, his Trumpe vnto the sky,
It is Defame, which will not let, yonge Paris fact to die.
The other Enuie hight: whose cankred minde doth fret,
And with Defame agaynst the Knight, his hand and tooth hath set.
But muse not then (quoth hee) though Paris lyeth here,
For through Defame and Enuies force, his facte is euery where.
The Troyans lye by heapes, next vnto them is Greece,
Where lyeth the Dame which did betray her fathers golden Fleece.
And Laodomia in like care doth rest her heauy head,
Because her loue and only ioy, Protesilaus is dead.
Yore Cephalus entred is, and wayleth still with care,
For that hee killed his Procris deare, before hee was aware:
Hee wisht full ofte as Acteon did hartely wish the same,
That hee had neuer knowne his Bowe, nor vsed the hunters game.
One thing in Grecian Path, did make mee for to muse,
And for my ignorance of the same Morpheus did mee excuse.
Two gorgious Tombes there were, the one agaynst the other,
(It seemed at first vnto my eyes, as Castor and his brother)
Aboue these tombes there stood a woman faire and bright,
And not far of with frantike sworde, there stod a raging knight.
And all did seeme to wayle, and mourne most piteously,
Except the armed knight which smilde, when as the rest did cry.
My Morpheus saide, the Queene, faire Clitemnestra hight,
Which with Ægistus kild her spouse, which came from Troian fight.
Orestes then in rage, for Agamemnons death,
Did shed Aegistus vitall blood and stopt his mothers breath.
Orestes then returnde vnto his sence againe,
Did rule in Agamemnons stead, and in his roume did raine:
So hee began to smile, when all the rest were slayne,
And they being payd for duty due, in Crabbed Care remaine.
Within this Grecian path, while that wee taried still,
Beholde foure birdes which orderly, did fly about the hill.
The Nightingale complainde, the Lapwing fled for feare,
The Swallow she no doubt was swifte, the Phesant lyude in care,

In

In care all foure they neſt, in care they do remaine,
The Father, Wife, and silly childe, with sister there complaine.
Now haue wee past from Greece and vnto Carthage came,
Where Hannball among the reſt, did win immortall fame.
From Dido vnto Thrace, from Phillis vnto Rome,
Where Porcia with Lucrecia, be linked in one Tombe,
And Camma lyeth behinde, as faythfull as the beſt,
But theſe haue almoſt paſſed care, and come to perfite reſt.
Oreſtilla lyeth there where Cataline doth couch,
Tarpeia lyeth by Tacius, for gold doth make them touch.
Pompeia lyeth there, whom Clodius ſeekes to couer,
And eke Terentia Tullyes wife, about the hill doth houer.
A thouſand more there were, which on that mount did ſlepe,
Whom Crabbed care with other ſorrows vpon the mount did keepe.
But as we paſſed thoſe Tombes, of all the Roman rout,
And when by chance wee had eſpide religious perſons out:
One Monument there was, excelling all the reſt,
The forme ſo ſtrange can not departout of my fearfull breſt.
The Tombe did croſſe the path, when none beſide did ſo,
Whoſe lefte ſide ſeemed man to be, the right a woman ſhow:
A monſtrous key of length, her left hand alwayes beares,
And on her head of glittering golde, a triple Crowne ſhee weares.
And with a glauncing looke, and with a ſtretched right hand,
Shee doth receiue a liuely youth, which naked there doth ſtand.
Oh ſir (quoth I to him) which was my carefull guide,
In all the Mount the like to this, I haue not ſeene beſide.
Quoth Morpheus this is ſhee which all the Church beguilde,
Whom all men thought to bee a man, till that ſhee had a childe.
Pope Ioane ſhe hath to name, whom once within the Lake,
I ſhewed vnto Robinſon, as our ſtage wee did make.
Her tombe did croſſe the path, becauſe the paſſers bye,
When as they ſaw her ſhamefull fact, to her reproche ſhould cry.
The young man it is hee, which was her Minion euer,
For whom vpon this hill for aye, with care they ſhall perſeuer.
The Roman path wee lefte, when wee had vewed at will,
The Roman Knights and Monuments, which were within that hill.
From thence to Babilon, where Thisbe did complaine,
Becauſe that valiant Piramus, through her default was ſlaine.

Then did the Theban path appeare within my sight,
And Hemon with Antigona, did well inioy their right.
There Cadmus shrined was, Hermione iust harde by (lys
Whose tombes were garnished with golde, where crawling serpents
Semeles there was layd, nert to her fathers side,
For whom her deare twise borne Bacchus most carefully prouide.
And Ino with her childe, is taken from the sea,
And in the Mount with Athamas, haue long time bin all three.
Creusa, creons childe, which was ponge Iasons deare,
Whom scorching fire consumed from perth, hath her abiding heare.
But yet one tombe there was, among the Theban route,
Which till I had perceiued well, did make mee stand in doubt:
For why hard by the same, did flow a litle flood,
Where many women washt their hands, imbrued with liuely blood.
It was Agaue the Quene, which Pentheus had rent,
Because that hee disoayned the feastes, of Bacchus to frequent:
And yet her only sonne, about her tombe remayne,
The partes of him whom shee and hers, with cruell hand had slayne.
And many more there were, whose tombes I would haue seene
Which for their long antiquity, with mosse be couered cleene.
Verona path we left, where Romeus doth lye,
Where Iuliet with Iconia, inioy a place therby.
Gualfrido lyeth in Venis, Barnardo doth the same,
And eke Arestons only childe which Gnosia hath to name.
All Germany I thinke, eche towne that therin was,
Had captiues there, which tediousnesse, do cause me to let passe:
At last my guide did smile, and thus to mee hee sayd,
Loe here what English prisoners, in Crabbed care are stayd.
Great heapes of valiant knights, of noble youthfull peres,
Which in the fælde most Martially haue broken many speres:
Among the which I spied, those which I will not name,
Least ỹ my pen through my default, perhaps should purchace blame.
Both Abbots, Friers and Monkes, and all that learned rout,
Hermites and holy Hipocrites, which now bee rooted out.
In care nere Venus vale, they had a place to lye,
Wheras they haue their monuments wheras they chanced to die.
Among the which I romed: desirous for to see,
If any of those learned Clarkes, were knowen before of mée.

Where

Wherof perhaps I could, reſcite you many a one,
Which liued in ioy, but now in care, do make a dreadfull mone.
At laſt I ſpied out Bond, that fat and lazy Frier,
Which died wheras faire Aſtoloch would graunt to no deſire.
This Champion liued by loue, as Larkes do liue by lækes,
He wept, hee wailde, he ſighed ſo much, hee could not ſee for chækes.
Of Ireland and of Wales came many a carefull wight,
And out of Cornwale valiantly came Labeale Iſoundes knight.
From path to path wee went, as Morpheus did giue leaue,
Hæ ſhowd mee all that did beſeeme, my knowledge to conteaue.
At laſt wee entered in, the valley by the hill,
And left the lofty mount of Care, which wee had bewde at will.
And loe, into the vale, when as wæ were diſcended,
And come vnto the Caſtle wall, as Morpheus had pretended:
Upon the Caſtle ſtrong, and in Dame Venus Forte,
Her cumly ſhape and roſiall hew, was drawne in fæmely ſorte.
And in her hand ſhæ helde, an Ivory Combe moſt clere,
And by the ayde of Phœbus beames did kembe her golden heare.
Wherat I was amazde, but Morpheus helpeth mee out,
And with his ſweete and fugred ſpeeche, aſſoylde me of my doubt.
The Ivory Combe (quoth hee) which Venus hath in hand,
In trymming of her chriſtall haire, will let thee vnderſtand,
That thoſe which do delight, to run in Venus vale,
Will trim themſelues, as ſome bruſh ware, before it come to ſale.
For as Dame Venus doth, ſo all her darlings do,
This is the cauſe quoth hee againe, why ſhee is pointed ſo:
The Caſtle gate wee did approche and would not ſtay,
The Porters let God Morpheus paſſe, but mee they thruſt away.
Sir boy quoth one to mæ (a grim and vgly knaue,)
Come not ſo nye, ſtand backe in time, and ſeke thy ſelfe to ſaue.
To whom God Morpheus ſayd, my freend, content thee ſtill,
That hee ſhould paſſe vnto this place, it is my minde and will.
Commaund not mee quoth hee, and therwith gan to raue,
Quoth Morpheus then from Heauen and Hell, authority I haue.
I am the God of dreames, which paſſe through euery vale,
Reſiſt not then, let him approche into the Caſtle wall:
The knaue when hee perceiued, that it was ſo indæde,
Of with his cap and crowching low, hee let mee in with ſpæde.

Affliction kept the gate, as fearce as Satyre wylde,
And Doubt was his companion, yet hee was somwhat milde.
The Porters prison was bedecked all with greene,
And chaunging coulers now and then, were often to be seene.
Out of the narrow grates did Cleopatra prye,
And beckned with her trembling hand to valiant Antony:
Naera with Carmona, which waited on this Dame,
With Plyos poyson made an ende, and here do repe their shame.
Whom often Cleopatra kiste, and often them imbrace,
And joyning heades, they do lament their hap and heauy case.
And as I pryed by chaunce, I saw a damsell morne,
With ragged weedes and Layers spots, a wight to much forlorne.
Quoth Morpheus dost thou see, whereas that caytiffe lyes,
Much like the wretched Crocodill, beholds now how shee cryes.
That is Pandare his Nice, and Calcas only childe,
By whose deceits and pollicies, young Troylus was beguilde.
Shee is kept in affliction where many other are,
And beweth Troylus lying dead, vpon the Mount of Care.
Shee wepte, shee sighed, shee sobd, for him shee doth lament,
And all too late, yea to to vaine, her facte shee doth repent:
How could that stedfast Knight, (quoth I) loue such a dame?
Morpheus replied in beauty bright, shee bare away the fame:
Till that shee had betrayd, her Troylus and her dere,
And then the Gods assignd a plague, and after set her here.
An other wretched wight, within Affliction kept,
Who for her false periured faith, lamented sore and wept.
Eriphile, shee it was, and spronge of Grecian blood,
(Yet all the Grecian pollicyes, could neuer do her good)
Who for desire of coyne betrayd her louing make,
And now shee must content herselfe, a traytresse due to take.
Kinge Pretus wife is here, alas alas what tho?
Affliction helde her in so fast, shee is like to die for woe.
Galatea shee poore soule, must holde her selfe content,
Which fayne would wepe if other could, preuaile which do lamente,
What should I say, a thousand moe, within this prison were,
Whom neither time nor memory, will suffer to declare.
But all that therin were, haue layd their ioy apart,
And giue themselues to vtter plaints, imbrued with swelling smart.

From

From thence wee marched forth vnto a litle Lake,
The spring was swift although but small, the course did neuer slake.
Leander here did row, here Helena did dwell,
Achilles loueth Polixena, and drinketh at this Well.
Here Aeolus daughter deere, here Silla Nisus daughter,
And here Pasiphæ oftimes drinke, and neuer thirsted after.
One thing was very strange, which at this Well was seene,
Within the brooke in filthy fray there stood a gallant queene.
And on the banke a Bull, with guilted hornes did stay,
Which when shee would haue issued out, did stop her in the way.
Wherat I wondred much, and greatly was dismayde,
And asking Morpheus of that thinges, hee quickly to mee sayd:
The Queene shee Diere hight, which was King Lycus wife,
A Theban borne in Nicteus daies, the fates did graunt her life.
Who through a ielious minde: and false surmised loue,
Such discorde in the Theban Court, this diuelish Dame did moue.
That if young Amphion, and Zetus his dere brother,
Had not brought reskew happely: this Bull had slaine their mother.
Whose iealosie the Gods, in such displeasure take,
That they haue placed this roaringe Bull, to keepe her in the brooke
An other Dame there was, which at this Well did liue,
Which neuer ceast for to assay to fill an empty Siue.
And when the cause therof, on Morpheus I did aske,
Hee sayd the Gods allotted it, to be the Ladies taske.
Which all in vayne bestowed, (vnto her pinching payne)
Her loue vpon Narcissus faire: which in the woods complayne:
Neare to the litle Lake, a Dungeon grounded was, (passe
As blacke as pitche throughout the which, this runninge streame did
Dispaire did kepe the same, which was both stout and strong,
A wofull wretch whose greedy gorge, delighted much in wrong.
Poore Captiues in distresse, hee keepeth many a one,
Whose flintie hart doth oft reioyce, when other make their mone.
Hipsiphale which loued, king Peleus Nephew deare,
Erigone which hanged her selfe: hath purchast house roome here.
Here Dianeira lyeth which kilde her selfe for woe,
And Hero which on roaringe flods, her life sought to vndo.
Euadne hath a place, Dispaire doo loue her well,
With thousands more within that place, which were to long to tell.

Among the reſt one ſtood, ready to come away,
But that Diſpaire through fayned tales, did cauſe her ſo to ſtay.
Quoth Morpheus, ſee the Queene, that weares the mourning gowne,
Shee fled from ritch Pigmalion, and built vp Carthage towne.
This falſe Report (quoth hee) a foe vnto good fame,
Hath plaide his part vpon that wight, which neuer deſerude the ſame
For in the court of chaſtitie, her deedes be freſh and new,
A crowne of Glory ſhee deſerues, if that ſhee had her due.
For Poets ſay, ſhee loued, Æneas Knight of Troy,
And when hee priuily fled from thence, her ſelfe ſhe did diſtroy.
But tatling Poets lye, Aeneas was vnknowne,
And Troyan ſeede in Carthage towne, by him was neuer ſowne.
Iarbas griped with loue, and could not her attayne,
(For once ſhee made a faithfull vow, that chaſt ſhe would remayne)
Laide ſiege vnto the towne, Dame Dido to molleſt,
But ſhee to ſaue her plighted othe, to die did thinke it beſt.
And with a glittering blade, ſhee baniſht breathing life.
This was the conſtant ende of her, which was Sicheus wife.
This ſayd, wee left Diſpaire, and all his raging traine,
(With watery teares for Didos ſake, my Morpheus did complaine.)
Wee paſt the gallant court, and entered very far,
Vnto the place where Venus ſate, while Cupid went to war.
There Ceres kept with her, and Bacchus did the ſame,
And Mars ſtoode waiting at the doore, deſirous of the game.
The houſe was full of Clyents, eche corner had great ſtore,
Odd Morpheus as his cuſtome was, hee entred in before.
Whom when Dame Venus ſaw, ſhee quickly gan to riſe,
Saluting him with cumly cheare, and in moſt curteous wiſe.
My Lord (quoth ſhee to him) how doth my auncient fire,
And how doth Neptune in the ſeas, and Pluto in the fire.
While Morpheus tolde his tale, I vewed among the rout,
To ſee if ſome acquainted freend, by chance I could finde out.
No Engliſhmen were there, of Wales a worthy bande,
Whom, when they came to greet mee well, I could not vnderſtande.
Wherby no doubt I loſt, the truth of euery tale,
And many a harty welcominge vnto that princely place.
But if my Country men, had layne in Venus Vale,
Then might I haue deſcribed at large, the trueth of euery tale.

Thus

Thus while I prayed about, in euery vacant place,
And while I ſaw God Morpheus, was full with Venus grace.
And Venus did perceiue mee, to Morpheus thus ſhee ſayd,
My Lorde the preſence of this lad, doth make vs ſore diſmayde.
Feare not (quoth Morpheus then) there is no cauſe to doute,
For hee which is within your Court, can neuer iſſue out.
Wherwith I trembled ſore, for feare hee ſayd ſo true,
I wept, I wailde, and thus I ſayd, I haue my wages due.
Then Venus ſat her downe, among her Lordly peeres, (ſpeares.
And Mars his ſouldiers guarded her, with Billes, with Bowes and
I aſked Morpheus then, whither Cupid did reſorte?
Hee ſayd that hee was marchte to fielde, againſt Dianas court.
Whom I would faine haue ſeene, but time did it deny,
And Morpheus ſayd tis time to goe, the ſtarres be in the ſky.
But yet hee promiſed mee, againſt another day,
For to addreſſe himſelfe agayne, to ſhew mee all that way.
Wherwith hee pluckt mee backe, and ſaid, come let vs go,
I was prepared with willing minde, for why I wiſht it ſo.
The way wee paſt before, wee entred in againe,
Where fearce Affliction and Doubt, as Porters did remaine.
By Care and Appetite, Fickleneſſe and Change of loy,
By euery Path, and euery Tombe, wee paſt the former way.
(Quoth Morpheus now adue) till Cupids Poſt do fight,
Then will I haue thee to the fielde, and ſhew thee all that fight.
Wherwith I wakte and ſaw, what folly I had ſeene,
And what in viſion did apprare, as it had perfite beene.
Parnaſſus now is gone, and Helicon his ſtreame,
And though this Treatiſe bee not trye, yet ſure it is a dreame.

# The poore Knight, his Pallace

## The Argument.

The Gods in Heauen assembled all to feast,
In midst of glee Dame Venus tells her fate:
Wherat the Gods in order bee addrest,
Against her foes, for to maintaine her state.
The worlde set wide, the fight therin shalbe,
Dianas force with wauering hands doth fight:
But blody Mars, with Venus doth agree,
And Dians troupe at last is put to flight.
Whom Cupid chase when shee to woods doth flye,
And Venus home, returnes triumphantly.

## Of Cupid his Campe.

On Friday at night I layd mee downe, with sleepe to take my rest,
And as in wonted guise before, so was I now addrest:
With slumbring sleepe to take my leaue, of Phebus glittering beames,
Till Morpheus should bedecke my head, with fantasies and dreames.
And as I lay, so did I looke, with loking long dismayde,
With sodayne sightes my dazeled eyes did make my hart afrayd:
For why within my listning eare, mee thought a trumpe did sound,
The noyse whereof did seeme so strange, it cast mee flat on ground.
Strait way there did appeare to mee, a vision where I lay,
Most strange to tell (so much this sight my courage did dismay)
An aged Sire whose glistering face with hoary heares bedecke
Did sore appale my dreadfull hart, that scant I could erect.
My lingring lymmes, in wonted wise I couched one in place,
And glaunced oft with leering lokes, to vew his cumly face.
His limmes were fethered on eche part, and winged on eche syde,
Wherwith hee tooke his spedy flight: at last hee mee espyde.
And thus hee sayth with whirling voyce, make hacke do not delay,
Oryde vp thy loynes, addresse thy selfe, to walke this tedious way.
Wherwith as one bereft of wittes, and of my sences cleane,
I was amazd but did not know, what these his words should meane.

Feare

Feare not (quoth hee) stand not in doubt, for Morpheus is my name,
Which led thee forth to Venus Gate when as thou veiwedst the same
And as by promise I was bound, so now I come agayne,
To leade thee where thou mayst beholde Diana with her trayne.
In Partiall force being ready bent, agaynst Dame Venus sonne,
But let vs goe least or wee come, the battell bee begonne.
My Lorde (quoth I) I thanke you much, for this your double payne,
Make haste (quoth hee) let vs depart, make haste quoth hee againe.
Then went wee forth to lofty skyes, our iorney wee did take,
Vnto Appollos curious Tente, for hee a feast did make
To all the Gods and Goddesses where Iupiter did sit,
Within a golden chayre of state, and for his honour fit.
Then entred Mars and toke his place, wheras hee thought it best.
And Mercury most welcome there, vnto Apollo his feast.
But gentle Ceres was not come, nor Baccus was not there,
And til they came al things were whist, ỳ Gods could make no chere,
Neptune bespangled all with skales, ascended to the sky,
And Protheus as his custome is, did sounde courageously.
Then Tartar Lake began to flash, and Cerberus gan to yell
And all the Feends did homage due, when Pluto came from Hell.
And Pan came forth, with Oaten pipe the shepheards all gan play,
The sheepe stood still and gazed on him, as hee past by the way:
Saturnus with his withered legges, had almost come to late,
But that the Maister of the feast, regarded his estate.
Thus euery one did take his place, in order as they came,
Yea all the Gods and Goddesses, did likewise dw theſame.
The Table where these guestes did sit, was rounded round about,
That where the noblest seat there was, t'would make one for to dout.
Apollo bearing great goodwill vnto the Muses nyne,
To them when as hee thought it best, a roome hee did allyne.
Then Iuno sate by Iupiter, which did her make abide,
And Pallas twixt God Mercury, and sweete Apollos side.
Dame Ceres with her curious cost, behaued her selfe so well,
That shee and Baccus at that feast, do beare away the bell.
Musitions sounded orderly Proserpine would not heare, (there
Though Orpheus with his warblinge Harpe, did thinke to finde her
Arion with his siluer sound, did prayse the Delpins loue,
And with his quauering melody, did all the Sages mooue.

And Amphion that Theban wight, did ſtreeke his ſtroke ſo euen,
That Pan is rifle from Bacchus campes, and dance about the Heuen.
Then glaunting forth my rowlinge eye, by chaunce it came to paſſe,
That I eſpyde at firſt vnknowne, whereas God Vulcan was.
Who in the kitchin curiouſly, did worke his wonted feate,
And kindled coales moſt cunningly, to roſte Apollos meat.
The ſeruiters at inſtant feaſt, were laureat Poets all,
Who ready were at becke to bow, when as the Muſes call.
There Homer with his fyled Pen, a graue and worthy wight,
Among them all did beare the ſway, into yinge it by right.
Heſiodus was not behinde, whom Pan eſteemed much,
With Laureate Euripides, and many other ſuch.
The Romans flocked there by heapes, olde Ennius bare the ſway,
Whoſe merits with antiquity, the learned ought to way
There witty Virgill did his beſt, and Naſo there did ſerue,
And many moe there were at hand, whoſe merittes fame deſerue.
Then Morpheus ſayd, loe where he ſtands that worthy Chauſer hight
The chefeſt of all Engliſhmen, and yet hee was a knight.
There Goure did ſtand, with cap in hand, and Skelton did the ſame,
And Edwards hee, who while he liude, did ſit in chaire of faine.
Thus euery thing paſt merely, and Pan good ſporte did make,
For Baccus with his ſugred tales, had made his brayne to ake.
Then when the Gods had feaſted well and good paſtime had made,
Twas Cherill his courſe to come in place, and vſe the Amners trade:
Who caryed forth the Amners hutch, vnto the Porters gate
And freely gaue vnto the poore, which were preparde therat.
At laſt when as the Gods had waſhte, and time did well betide,
Juno and Pallas, with the nyne, withdrew themſelues aſide.
Then entred in among the Gods, a Dame of comly cheere,
Although beſprent with ſcalding ſighes, hee mourning did appeere,
Twas Venus with her ſmiling lokes, which came from Smyrdo late
And to the Gods which ſat at feaſte, thus ſhe began her tale.

## Venus Oration to the Gods.

REnowmed Lordes, to whom my tale I tell,
And worthy Gods, which rule the Heauen and

The ſtuds the brakes, the furious feends of Hell,
And euery thing, that in theſe ſubiectes bee:
Bende downe your eares, and liſten vnto mee,
Harke and giue eare, regard my plaint and tale,
Whom you haue placed, to rule in Smyrdo dale.

From time to time, ſince that you gaue mee powre,
Within my Court to ſit as Iudge of might:
You Gods do know, that neither day nor howre,
My minde hath bent, to ſwerue from trueth and right,
(For all that I do, I know is in your ſight)
And all my actes, with trueth haue been approued,
By Iuſtice lawes, whom I haue alwayes loued.

Loe now you Gods, regarde my piteous mone,
Lende mee your hands, which doo your ayde implore:
Rebellious wights, out of my tente be gone,
And bow till death, neuer to ſerue mee more.
Diana ſhee, which went long time before,
Hath armde her ſelfe, with bended bowe in hand,
By force to driue, my ſonne and mee from land.

¶ And thus ſhee ſayd, but ſalted ſighes, would let her ſay no more,
And trickling teres ran down by ſtremes, wherof ſhe had great ſtore
And flatling fell before the Gods, and mighty Ioue his throne,
And ofte ſhee dubled forth theſe wordes, regard my piteous mone.
Wherwith the Gods began to weepe, and euery one was moued,
For Venus in that parte of heauen, of all the Gods was loued.
At laſt the Father of the Gods, toke vp his louing daughter,
And kiſſed her with lonely lippes, theſe wordes her ſtred after.
Ah Venus, Venus, take good cheere, Dian ſhall not preuaile,
Mee will reſiſt her martial might, when as ſhee ſhall aſſaile.
And Cupid hee, whom ſhee deteſts, ſhall lead thy hoſte to feeld,
And I my ſelfe will wend with thee, to make her for to yeeld.
Yea all my mates and faithfull frends, I hope will bee content,
Perdy my Lorde (quoth euery one) wee yeeld to this intent.
Then Mars began to ſmile, and then, the Gods did riſe together:
And euery one in comly ſorte, did welcome Venus thyther.

Then Mercury did sounde the trumpe, that all the Heauens did ringe,
The noyse therof, great feare no doubt, to all the earth did bring.
Then Pelion gan to shake for feare, and Ossa trembled sore,
Olimpus with the mighty Alpes did neuer so before.
But mighty Mars did shake his hed, he leapt and ran for ioy,
And killing Venus oft hee sayd, thy foes I will distroy.
By this the Gods be furnished, and armed at all neede,
And Ioue himselfe rides first in ranke, vpon a barbed Steede,
The Goate suffiseth for his barge, whose milke hee loued well,
When milde Melissa gaue him sucke, which then in Crete did dwell.
Then Mercury doth sounde agayne, and all the Gods assemble
And as before, so Heauen and earth beginneth againe to tremble,
Amonge the gods which present were, olde Priapus did resort,
Who with Dianas Champions, did thinke to make some sporte.
A garden spade this God did bring, euen as his custome was,
Bedeckt with crounes of smelling flowres, hee rid vpon an asse.
The Gods rid on before apace, for Venus made great haste,
And Pryapus was left behinde, hee could not ride so fast.
His Asse did trot so harde (alas) and put him to such paine,
Hee thought the iorney was to longe, and turned backe agayne.
Then Morpheus turnd himselfe and sayd, it is no time to stay,
To follow them vnto the Campe, let vs no more delay.
Wherfore I thanckte him much that time, for longe I wisht to see,
The royall tentes of Cupids Court, with all their dignitie.

## A description of Cupid.

GOd Morpheus was more swift the those, which with Dame Venus
(Deels by right he should not seeme for to inioy his name.) came
Wherfore by his assent wee past, Dame Venus and her trayne,
With spedy pace vnto the tentes, where Cupid did remayne.
Who deygned at my poore request, to ease mee of my charge,
And with his pleasant tales of truth, described the God at large.
Whom when I behilde I was amazde, and all abasht with feare,
Wherat my guide began to smile, and thus hee did declare.
Within that tente and cumly couch, whose couering seemeth red,
A grisly ghost beholde, by whom the mighty Gods bee led.

Whose

Whose power exceedeth Mars his might, whose strength the rest doth
Yea none in heauen, in earth nor hell, that can resist the same. (tame
Alas my Lorde (quoth I againe) this seemes most strang and rare,
Should all the Gods which rule in skyes, of one boy stand in feare.
In deede (quoth hee) this withered wight, doth so molest their braine,
That those which bee of feebled age, hee turnes to boyes againe.
For why in trickes of childish yeares, hee causeth them to stay,
Neglecting duties of great waight, delighting nought but play.
My God (quoth I) to know all things, I greatly do desire,
What is the cause that Venus sonne, is naked without attire,
(Quoth Morpheus) hee that liueth in loue, in folly passe his dayes,
And has that hath but halfe an eye, may see his wauering wayes.
Ah silly wight, ah shadow poore, (for flesh in him is skant)
And as hee seemeth to bee blinde, a blow so doth hee want.
Hee is a type, (quoth Morpheus then) you know well what I meane,
And too much lust, and lechery, hath made him very leane.
Not lust alone, but care and thought, which doth perplex his minde
For to much lust may bee a cause, why Cupid seemeth blinde.
For those which liue in louers lawes, regarde not what they do,
And ofte they thinke to bathe in blisse, but sinke in wretched woe.
A bow hee wants, for by thesame, his souldiers do deuine,
Whereto the motions of the harte, do purpose to declyne.
And as the bow doth beare the badge, that bringeth death or life,
So they that badge doth hate and shun, which seeme to tel some strife.
But oh my God, why hath hee wings, adioyned to eche side,
Because that Cupid changeth ofte, and neuer long abide.
A bowe is bent within his hand, two quiuers at his backe,
Well may hee shoote, and wide enough, that doth his eye sight lacke.
It is not so among the Gods, as men suppose to bee,
Hee shotteth ofte, but nere in vaine, so stedfast holdeth hee.
That leane and naked boy, with force his mighty foes do quell,
That blinde and winged Champion, doth shote exceeding well.
And though hee browicelle seeme to bee, yet doth hee pearce the brain
Through skin and bone, hee hits the hart, wheras his Dart remain.
Then marueil not, though all the Gods, do yeld for want of might,
Sith none haue force for to resist, the strength of such a knight.
Both man and beast, both fish and foule, and all that life doth beare,
Are subiect vnto Cupids bowe, which all the Gods doth feare.

The quiuers which thou doſt beholde, which ſtand this God in ſtead,
The one is full of golden ſhaftes, the other full of lead.
The golden ſtrike, the feruent wights, which paſ their daies in loue
The leade doth wound the braſen harts, whō no complaint can moue
Poliphemus with Stenobia young Phedra felt the golde,
Galatea Belerophon, with the lead were ſtricken colde.
This while wee talked at leyſure, loe, wee heard the trumpet ſounde,
Wherby we knew the Gods were come, from ſkyes vnto the grounde
And as they had pretended erſt, did ſet themſelues in ranckes,
To march with Venus to the Campe, who yelded them great thanks
And ſounding out, God Mars his trumpe, to ſet them in aray,
They marched forth vnto the fæld, wheras their foes did ſtay.
But frendly Morpheus bad mee firſt, for to diſcribe at large,
The order of God cupids campe, the whiche I will diſcharge.
And if it pleaſe my Angell then, to call mee to that fight,
I will diſcribe Dianas hap, which did befall in fight.

## A deſcription of Cupid his hoſt.

THe Gods being met e Venus ſonne, being garniſhed in this wiſe,
By whole conſent to vanquiſh her, which did his lawes diſpiſe,
Mars is aſſended vp the Couch, to guide the horſes right,
And cupid ſtands with bow in hand, to ſend forth euery knight.
Then Venus layd her heauenly head, vpon God Mars his lap,
And ſayd my Lorde, wee truſt on you, to gouerne well our hap.
The cheefeſt Captaine of the rout, Audacity was named,
Whoſe ſafe conduct of all the hoſt, deſerues not to be blamed.
With him her led forth Pollicy, cupid his only ſtay,
Theſe vndertake by Mars his will, to guide the hoſt that day.
The ſecond Captaine, curteſy, a valiant hoſt did leade,
Who had Delight adioynde to him, to helpe him at his neede.
The Captayne graund, did bid them both, the right wing to poſſeſſe,
And alwayes to attend the ſame, to driue away diſtreſſe.
And on the leſte ſide, ietted Rage, with cruell Tyranny,
Which were as aydes vnto the hoſt, led by Audacity.
I haue not here reſcited thoſe, which petty Captaynes were,
Only my Morpheus charged mee, the cheefe for to declare.

But this I saw, that Idlenesse, did beare a worthy sway,
That Drunkennesse and Drowsinesse, did set them in aray.
Dissention ran from host to host, and Riot stood not still,
But all adioyned their helping hands, and furdered with good will.
I let passe all the Souldiers names, the labor were to long,
And yet my booke would not containe, the names of all the throng.
Thus euery thing being finished, ech Souldier standing still,
Beholde a proclamation, was made by Cupids will.
Which offered giftes abundantly, to any souldier there.
To vndertake in Dians tente, a message to declare.
And greete her hartely from him, which blinded bare the bow,
Commaunding her to yelde in time, and quiet peace to showe.
Or els with dint of martiall blade, her would dispatch her quite,
And teache all other to beware for to resist his might.
Desire a champion of great pride, whose forces deserued fame,
Before the Gods, and Venus faire, on knee did aske the same.
Which when the Gods had graunted him, and Cupid gaue consent,
Hee tooke his leaue of all the traine, and forth to Dian went.
Come let vs go (quoth Morpheus then) this greeting for to here,
I am content my Lord (quoth I) to attend both here and there,
To view Dianas Court (quoth hee) for to discribe the same,
To heare the answere to Desire, to know the Captaines name.
For shee was ready furnished, of Souldiers at her will,
And euery court garnished, with Captaynes of great skill.
Desire, who longed to tell his tale, approcht this Dame vnto,
With duty done for curtesie, had charged him so to do.
But sith my Angell bad mee first, for to discribe her traine,
And sith to sound a true report my Morphes tooke such paine.
I thinke it most conuenient, seeing time doth serue so fit,
Before Desire haue tolde his tale, for to discouer it.

## A discription of Diana and her army.

IUst by Eurota flowing streame, where many Laurelles grow,
A pleasaunt place, which all the Nimphes, of Dians traine do know.
Beholde God Morpheus offered mee, a place to view at will,
The sale returne of Dians traine, which her best doth fulfill.

From out the shade this Goddesse came, from chasing of the Boze,
With bow in hand so ready bent, and well addrest therfore.
Her couch was couered all with white, white Harts the same did draw
Whose swiftnesse pleasde Diana well, to hang the Beare in awe.
For solely in the woods shee kept, in groues shee did remaine,
And Acteon hath his tale to tell, although vnto his paine.
Within the Couch kept Modesty, as ruler of her will,
Where Prayse & Honner were as guides, to hold the helme with skil.
A crowne shee weares of precious price, bedeate in ritch aray,
Whose pleasant lookes, in semely sorte, her nature did bewray.
Thus while from wood shee did returne, vnto the fielde to fight,
And when her host assembled was against Dame Cupids might.
Behalde the Captaines do discharge, the duty that they owe,
And euery one his good intent, to Dians host do shew.
The rout by Chastitie is swayde, the spitefull of the rest,
Who set the Souldiers in aray, as shee esteemde it best.
There Constancy is called to ayde, and helpe them at a neede,
And Temperance is well esteemde, as Dian hath decreede.
Sobriety hath sage Aduise, to counsell Dian well,
And Labor stands against his foes, their sloth for to expell.
Fidelity a faithfull friend, within the wood doth stay,
Who seekes to spoyle the forraine foe, as hee passe by the way.
For Dian hath commaunded him, to rest within the wood,
And campe himselfe most orderly, iust by Eurota flood.
With whom Dame Thisbe takes a place, wher is Pandor his Neece,
And Phedra shee which somtime was, Duke Theseus wife of Greece.
And if I should reuite them all, which couched by this bzoke,
My pen would faynt in halfe the way, in wzighting of this booke.
But sithe I haue discribde the tente, as bzefely as I may,
And as my Morpheus would giue leaue, the same for to display.
Behold Desire presents him selfe, before this Dame on knee,
And from the saint, whom hee did serue, these woyces vttered hee,

## Desire his message vnto Diana.

REnowned Dame, whose fame the world containes,
Whose glittering face throughout the world appeare:

Cupid

Cupid my Lorde, in martiall feeld remaines,
And sent mee out my message to declare:
Whose valiant force, the Gods themselues doo feare,
Cupid I say in whom such ioy I finde,
Hath sent mee forth, to know thy willing minde.

Hee craues of thee, that iustice doest request,
That thou doo yeeld, and let thy army go:
Thy false attempts the Gods themselues detest,
And euery one, is sworne thy future foe,
Eche one is bent to worke thy greefe and woe.
With glittering blade, to fes thy blood in feelde,
If thou disdaine, as recreant to yeelde.

And Mars himselfe, with Venus is ascended,
Into the Couch, where Cupid draweth his bow:
But yet my Lorde, thus much hath thee befrended,
If thou wilt yeeld, then hee will mercy show:
This for thy sake on thee hes doth bestow.
But if thou nill, hee will dispatch thee quight,
Both thee and thine, by dint of bloody fight.

Accept therfore his mercy and good will,
And deigne to shew, obedience for the same:
Pitty thy selfe, doo not the army spill,
Least all the world report this to thy shame:
And none that liueth, my louing Lord will blame.
Consider this, and thinke vpon the paine,
And speake thy minde, that I may returne againe.

¶ Thus when Desire had tolde his tale, to Dian and her traine,
Diana quickly answered, Sir knight returne againe.
Let Cupid doo his worst hee can, his force I doo not feare,
Ne will I yeeld vnto his lawes, nor none that with mee are,
Wherwith a lofty shout and noyse, vnto the skye was raysde,
And Dians courage and good will, of all the rout was praysde.
Desire beeing hot with raging hate, did thus reply againe,
I doo lament the rufull lot, of them which shalbe slaine.

For loe as doth the rauening wolfe, the sheepe in strength excell,
So Cupid with his martiall might, these stately wordes can quell.
That neither Captaine shalbe left, nor souldier for to fyght,
Of all this rout, whose hands hee prest, against my Lord his might.
Then Modesty, Dianas guide, in her behalfe did say,
Although wee die in Dians cause, our deathes we do not way.
This sayd, Desire return'd againe, and vnto Cupid went,
And shewed at large, Dianas wordes, as of her whole intent.
And that within the silent wood, wheras Eurota flow,
Fidelity did holde his campe, their force to ouerthrow.
And added this that neither Mars, with all his maighty stroke,
Nor all the Gods should bring her necke, vnder God Cupids yoke.
Then Cupid sent Desire before, the Ambush for to tame,
Or els perforce to scatter them, before the army came.
Desire doth seeke to bee reuenged, of his appointed foe,
And wandring in the Laurell woods vnto Eurota goe.
Wheras Fidelity was prest, his force for to withstand,
And in defence of Dians right, did fight longe hand to hand.
But what could Thisbe then resist, when Pyram came in sight,
Or when as worthy Troylus came, how could Dame Cressid fight.
Phedra shee was content to yelde, Desire did force her so,
And from Dianas faithfull freend, to Cupids campe to go.
What shall I say, Dianas host, which in the wood did stay,
Was sore abasht, Fidelity was chased quite away.
And many yelded recreant, not able to deny,
Desire perforce did force them so, eyther to yeld or dye.
But rather then Dame Cressid would, so quickly seeme as dead,
Shee vowed her selfe from Troylus true, to flattering Diomede.
So that the periured Grecian, or els the Troyan knight,
Should haue Dame Cressid vnto loue, yea both if so it might.
Thus while Desire do cleare the coast, and make the passage free,
The host marcht on into the feeld, with thundring harmony.
The noise wherof do beate the skies, and eke from thence rebounded,
And Mars his musicke in the feeld, aloft Tantara soundes.
The souldiers set them selues in rankes, the winges to succor go,
Audacity by Mars his will, her had commaunded so.
Bout Dian and her worthy traine, when as her freend was fled,
And for the losse of all those freends, with fury was much led,

And

And oft repeating worthily, my harts take cheare (quoth shee)
My life for yours, continue still, so shall you victors bee.
The souldiers fought so valyantly, the Captaines did so well,
That cupid gan to crouch for feare, and Dian did excell.
Audacity then choke for feare, when chastity withstood,
And constancy shee followed fast, to see the forrain blood.
And if God cupids pollicy, a reskue had not found,
Both Venus and her darlings deare, had flatlyng fell to ground.
But Pollicy came rushing in, and sent forth mighty Ioue,
Who then discended from the skyes, to serue the God of loue.
Who vanquished Dame Dians host, and made them for to tremble,
And sundry kindes of vgly shapes, hee vsde not to dissemble.
Aurora loued the snowy Bull, and Leda loued the Swan,
And Io lickt her fathers face, which then was pale and wan.
For as the Wolfe among the lambes, so Ioue among the host,
I meane among Dame Dians flocke, of whom shee daunt and bost.
But when as Fame had sounded forth, and Brute had blased his wil,
That Ioue did vanquish worthily, with Pollicy and Skill.
Then Danæ fled her way for feare, vnto Acrisius Towre,
Till Iupiter through Pollicy discended in a showre.
Achilles then began to rage, before that Troy was sackte,
And craued of Pollicy his guide, the armur that hee lackte.
Who armed him coragiously, in Paydens feate aray,
Till Derdanna swelling wombe, his pollicy did betray.
And Licomedes was deceiude, the father of the May,
And therfore could not stop the steps, of young Achilles way.
Then Clodius rushed in in haste, Pompeya for to quell,
Vested like to the vestall Dames, wheras his loue did dwell.
Thus cupid was incoraged, with all his warlike traine,
Diana which was erst aloft, is now bent downe agayne.
And all the Gods and Souldiers eke, did play their parts so well
That cupid is extolde to heauen, and Dian fell to Hell.
Medusa Gorgon hearing this, to Pallas alter fled,
Hoping by her assisting hand, in time to bee releeued.
Whom mighty Neptune through deceit, intangled in such sort,
That shee forsook Dianas campe, and fled to Venus Court.
Then Phedra whom desire had brought, from Dian and her traine,
Ceased not in cupids cause to fight, till Hyppolite was slayne.

With

With Pollicy came Gluttony, and Idleneſſe his mate,
And Drowſineſſe hee followed faſt, for feare hee came to late.
Antonius reſiſted long, Queene Cleopatras hoſt,
But yet at laſt through Gluttony, did yeeld to her requeſt.
When Conſtancy had ſeene the force and hauocke of their foes,
Shee vowed, both life and lands, and fame, in Dians cauſe to loſe,
Rather then cupid ſhould preuaile, vnto their vtter ſhame,
And all Dames Diana, valiant wights, accorded in the ſame.
And ioyning harts and hands in one, that battered Cupid ſo,
That hee was neare conſtraind againe, out of the feeld to go.
There Temperance ſtood ſtiffy too, and Labor laid on lode,
Sobriety did helpe at neede, when they in danger ſtoode.
But yet alas, this wiſhed ioy, was ſoone brought to an ende,
For Curteſy came rushing forth, and brought Delight his freend.
For to reuenge this freſh aſſait of Dian and her traine,
And to renew the wonted ſtate, of Cupid once againe.
With him came Duke Proteſilaus, with him came Alcyde ſtout,
Hee ſought for Laodomia, this found Dianeira out.
Hector vanquiſhed Andromache, that worthy wight of Troy,
And Pryamus with Hecuba, did liue in perfit ioy.
Thus when Dianas Souldiers, began to ſlip away,
Through Curteſy, a thouſand fled, to Cupid in one day.
And few there were, which would remain, with Dian to abide,
But yeeld them ſelfe vnto Delight, betide what might betide.
Who pardned euery one of thoſe, which came with free conſent,
And did remit eche ones offence, before hee did repent.
Then Pluto poſted out for rage, which did this while abide,
And kept the hinge with Cruelty, which lay on the left ſide.
Who ſent forth tryple Cerberus, that deuilliſh dogge of Hel,
To fetch away Proſerpina, which then in Greece did dwell.
Then Appius ſwelled with rage, Virginia to deflowre,
Achilles ſpyte, did rage from Hell, Polixina to deuowre.
Lucrecia was tooke in trip, Rage was her forrain foe,
Apollo curſed Caſſandra faire, for Rage did will him ſo.
Thus cruell Rage, with Curteſy, and with his freend Delight,
With fond Deſire, and Pollicy, which weare God Cupids might.
Haue chaſed away Dianas force, that ſhee her ſelfe muſt flye,
Or yeeld to thoſe, whoſe bloody harts, would cauſe her for to dye.

And

And to a pleasant valley hard by (her trayne being very small,)
She did conuay herselfe, by flight, as wofull of her fall. (pray
Quoth Morpheus marke this well my frend, and note her trayne I
Which when I purposed for to do, their backes were turnd away.
So was I much vnable left, their names for to recite,
Which taried with Diana faire, when shee was put to flight.
And to my guide himselfe, could not their names vnto mee shew,
But this hee bad mee publikly forth, the Souldiers were not few.
Whom Cupid with his lowdly rout, perswade with might amayne,
But yet Diana fled to fast her foes returnd agayne.
And vnto Cupid his curious tent, they went for to returne,
With bibbing Bacchus and his mate, a while for to soiorne.
But as they gan for to returne, to their appointed rome,
Beholde they saw a virgin pure, which gallantly did come,
(Although to late) to ayd her deare, which then had lost the day,
But Theseus stepped from the rout, and stepped in her way.
Oh thou (quoth I) vnto my guide, whom keepes hee in the tent,
Tis Hellena, which too to late, vnto Dame Dian went.
(Quoth Morpheus then) whose chastity, was won by Theseus might,
Who when ten yeares had run their race, was tooke in Dians sight.
Thus while my God did end his talke, Cupid at pallace is,
With all his souldiers banketting, with heauenly ioy and blisse.
The feast indured, very long, the triumphe was not small,
These ioy their goodly victory, the other rue their fall.
At last a trumpet gan to sound, and Preco sayd his will,
That Venus did commaund them all, no captiue for to kill.
But that with ioy, eche one should wend, and with his prisoner play,
Till Beauty should commaund them all, to walke an other way.
Then curry God departed forth, vnto his heauenly seate,
And led with him such prisoners, as hee did thinke it meete.
Then Mars with Iron armes did kisse, his darling and his deare,
And that without suspicion, for Vulcan was not there.
And after sayd adew my deare, then shee from couch discended,
And tooke God Morpheus by the hand, sith fate haue mee befrended.
My Lord (quoth shee) reioyce with mee, & thanke the heauenly might,
And you shall wend no further now, but rest with me this night.
With whom my God departed thence, beckning his hand at mee,
As who should say, goe pack away, I cannot come to thee.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

Wherwith my Angell left mée cleane, and Sopor did the same,
And I to former sence and wit, at Natures pleasure came.

## The Argument.

In Beauties Pallace met, as Cupid had ordaynd,
The Captayne with his crowne, and captiue led away:
All strife, debates, and iarres, which erst before remaind
VVhen Beauty sat as Iudge, were ended in that day.
And Hymeneus hee, exhorte them all to wed,
But those which can liue chaste, he do exempt therfro,
So Cupid is content, to rest him in his bed:
And Dian chose her path, in wandring woods to go.
Let Dian take her deare, and Cupid his delight,
For Beauty sate in throne, to pleasure euery wight.

# Iustice and Iudgement, pleaded *at Beauties Barre.*

YEt once agayne, before the yére was spent,
I did returne vnto my wonted wise:
When as the Sun, to the woods a shade had bent,
Whose smell, and hew, my fancy did suffice:
Wheras I couched, and couered both my eyes,
And drowsie sléepe, did soone arest my hart,
And wished rest, did binde eche weary part.

And loe as erst, my fethered Angell came,
And bad mee come, and wait in wonted sorte:
Doubt not (quoth hée) to vndertake the same,
For as I haue, so will I bée thy sorte,
And eke thy guide, to bringe thee to that porte:
Wheras (be bolde) no danger shall in sewe,
Giue credit now as thou hast found mee true.

Wherwith

Wherwith I rise, and gladly passed forth,
Not knowing whence, nor whither I should goe:
But followed him, whose counsell was much worth,
To ease my paine, and rid mee of all woe:
No loue of frœnd, nor dread of frowning foe,
Abasht my minde, or stroke my hart in feare,
For drowsie slœpe had clene expeld all care.

My God went fast, whose steps were neuer slow,
And guided mee vnto a fertill Fen:
Where many shrubs, of sundry sortes did grow,
A place no doubt, vnknowne to mortall men:
Which when I saw, I was amasde then,
And gladly would, haue knowne the place his name,
But that I durst, not aske my guide the same.

Within the Fen, there stood a Castle faire,
Most strongly built, most cumly to beholde:
The top wherof, assended to the aire,
And euery part, was gilted with pure golde:
My guide vnasked, the circumstances tolde,
Beauty (quoth hee) within this place doth dwell,
Who beweth this Fen, and rules it passing well.

Wherby I saw, that which I did not knaw,
And did perceiue the end of his intent:
At last hee dayned, his purpose for to show,
What was the cause, and why that way hee went:
Wherfore to him I yelded my consent,
And forth wee past, as hee did thinke it good,
Into the place, wheras this Castle stode.

No sooner did wee enter in the same,
But loe a trumpe, did sound within my eare:
And euery one, gaue eare to sounding fame,
And noted well, what newes hee did declare:
Yea all those knights, which in the Castle were,

Attended well what newes there should befall,
From her which was the Judge, and Queene of all.

The Preco sayd that all which were assembled,
With free consent, their Captiues should rescyne:
(Wherat no doubt, the feruent louers trembled)
Till Phebus beames, began in morne to shine:
Till Lucifer from his loue should decline,
To him which had, Dame Beauties birds in store,
And kept them cleane, full many yeeres of yore.

To him therfore, the prisoners were committed,
Who kept them well, as Beauty did request:
And euery knight, a pleasant place hath fitted,
Where hee alone, that silent night might rest:
To sport him selfe, as hee should thinke it best,
But blame them not, though some were wery then,
Which came that day vnto that ioyfull Fen.

But when Dame Nox hath couered euery thing,
And Cinthia, by Phebus is sent out:
Which to the world, most ioyfull light doth bring,
And aydeth those, whom Phebus left in doubt:
Euen so I gesse that most of all this rout,
Haue yeelded vp, when Sopor seeme to call,
I neede not gesse, when Morpheus shewd mee all.

And those likewise, which in the Closet kept,
(Excepting some) did lay them downe to rest:
Who sighed sore, while that the other slept,
And wayled the losse, of them whom they loued best:
Of whom that night, there passed many a iest,
Which if I should rescite them as they came,
It were enough for to discorse the same.

Next to the gate, faire Iuliet did lye,
And in the Court young Romeus did stay:
Faire Cinthia gaue leue, to peke and pry,
But shee oft sayd, when wilt thou come away.

Windowes

Windowes (quoth hee) I would assend faire May,
I looke to see, the place where erst I came,
But Tibalt hee, hath closed vp the same.

Then mighty Ioue came slidinge downe from Heauen,
And thought to fall, within young Danaes lap:
But yet behold, the tyles were not layd euen,
And hee his head, against the stones did rap:
And on the ground, hee did complaine his hap.
Alas (quoth hee) this fall hath made my paine,
Then looke (quoth I) before you slide againe.

Then Orpheus gat leaue to come from Hell,
To theare vp her, which was his whole delight:
Which in the Lake, with Tartur kinge did dwel,
Whose Harpe did sound, almost the silent night:
Pluto saw that, hee thought hee did not right,
But with his might, hee troubled Orpheus minde,
Who fled for feare, and left his Harpe behinde.

Then Priamus out of the gardaynes came,
Into the place wheras young Lotis lay:
Who while shee slept, did thinke it was no shame,
In silent night, with her to sporte and play:
His wife brayd out, for feare hee ran away.
And durst not bide, her curtesie to try,
Wherat the Nimphes did laugh exceedingly.

Then Tethis sonne, began his forme to change,
In sundry sorte, as well hee could deuise:
A cunning art, a worke which seemed most strange,
Whose firy flames, out of his mouth did rise:
The Jayler fered, and stopped both his eyes,
Then Proteus hee, vnto Pomona went,
Which turnd him selfe, euen for the same intent.

Neptune saw that, and causde Triton to sound,
And Eolus for him did rayse the weather:

Hee sought so longe at last his loue hee found,
And Alcion said, my Lord your are welcome hyther:
I will not say, how that they went togeather,
But yet beholde, the keeper spied their play:
The God for feare, did breechlesse run his way.

Thus merily wee passed all the night,
For Morpheus was, contented in the same:
But yet mee thought, there was one passing sight,
Wherat my guide, did finde good sport and game:
Which to let passe, I thinke I were to blame,
I feare no foes, the truth I doo not feare:
For this I saw, which now I shall declare.

When Clodius, vnto Pompeia wente,
And Vestall omnes, had tooke him in the trip:
They all at once trust him in continent,
And in their vse, began this youth to whip:
And what though hee alowe did hang the lip,
They sent him forth, and this charge did him giue,
To come no more, so long as hee should liue.

And thus the night, hath run her timely race,
And Lucifer, hath left Auroras bed:
Don Phebus now, begin to take his place,
And with this Dame, doth rest his heauenly hed:
His burning beames, do stand vs all in sted,
And Cinthia sayth: adue, my brother come:
Unto whose rule, I must yeeld vp this rome.

The morning came, the Preco sound againe,
And chargeth all, in place for to appere:
Where Beauty doth in Judgement seat remaine,
Their direfull doome, or ioyfull newes to here:
They were content, and Morpheus did draw nere,
But Pryapus, when all were in the place,
Sadled his Asse, and rid away a pace.

For

For why hée sayd, such fate did him betide,
And such exployts, that night by him were done:
For feare this God, alas could not abide,
That nede hee must, Dame Beauties iudgement shun:
For well hée knew, before it was begun,
That hée by her, should iustly bée condemned,
And for his feare of all the Gods contemned.

When Preco had tolde forth his sounding tales,
And all the knights, which came from Cupids war:
Addrest them selues, out of these grieuous gales,
To pleade their case, before Dame Beauties Bar:
Pretending there, either to make or mar,
Then Beauty sate, iust Iudgement for to giue:
To trust, to saue, to die and eke to liue.

There all the Gods, assembled were in place,
And dainty Venus, sate by Beauties side:
To heare ethe plead, and way of euery case,
And eke to know, what ende there should betide,
To euery one, that captiue did abide,
The keper stands, and cryes Lordings giue rome:
Stand from the Bar, and let the prisoners come.

Thus euery thing was brought to perfite stay,
The prisoners all doo tremble where they stand:
The trusty keper, hée make no delay,
But doth resigne them to Dame Beauties hand:
To haue ethe case, with wisdome duly skande,
When all was whist, and statutes red at large:
The Cryer gan his dutie to discharge.

Then Lemnon knight, and of the Ciclops chéefe,
Iudgement did craue, and Beauty graunt the same:
I will quoth hée, you graunt mée some reléefe,
For mighty Mars, hath put my wife to shame:
Wherat the Gods did finde exceeding game,

And

And when they saw what thing hee went about,
The whole consent, they boyst the blacksmith out.

Amphytrion did craue a full deuorce,
For loue hee sayd, with him had bin vnkinde:
Then Ioue stood vp, and asked some remorce,
And sayd hee would, content his troubled minde,
Yea Beauty then, did craue some grace to finde:
Hee was content, and mighty Ioue therfore,
Did vow himselfe, neuer to serue so more.

So great complaints, against this God were brought,
That at the last from bench hee slipt away:
Iuno was wroth, and due reuenge sought,
Of those which had deceiued her of her pray:
Shee rage and fret, shee curseth day by day,
But Beauty sought, to recompence the wronge,
Whom hee had made, to singe the Cokoes songe.

I let passe all, till Menelaus came,
And did complaine, because hee lost his peece:
The Troian knight, hee only sought to blame,
Which had conuayed, this Diamond from Greece:
More losse then hee, which lost the golden fleece,
The greefe wherof, did hazard much his helth,
For that the knight, had tooke this Dame by stelth.

Oenone then did heare this great complaint,
And flatling fell, vpon her tender knee:
O worthy kinge beholde thy wished Sainte,
Hath stole away, my loyall knight from mee:
With trickling teares, these voyces vttered shee,
And wisht the Iudge, her sentence to declare,
To asswage her paine, and rid her of her care.

Then Beauty sayd, sith Paris hath delt so,
And left this dame, which cherished him before:

When

(When as his ſire, did ſæke to worke his woe,)
Who vnto him two children hath yborne:
Oenone liues, thy loſſe for to deplore,
Cherish thy babes, which for their fathers cry,
Defame hath vowed, his fact ſhall neuer dye.

And as for her which hath this acte committed,
The blood of them, whoſe bones at Troy do ſtay:
Reuengment craues, the Gods haue it permitted,
Wherfore (quoth ſhæ) let her be led away:
But whither it was, I cannot truly ſay,
Yet Morpheus ſayd, that Robinſon ſhould tell,
As well her paine, as where this Lady dwell.

Then Menalaus was ſory for his make,
Whoſe tricklinge teares, the Troians did inuie:
Who in the fæld, had periſhed for her ſake,
So did the Greekes, which buried there do lye:
And with conſent, they ceaſed not to cry,
Wo worth the time, that Hellen came to Troy,
Wo worth that knight, which ſtole ỹ wretch away.

Then Troylus true, ſtept vp among the rout,
And offered vp the bill of his complaint:
How that by chaunce, hee found his Creſſid out,
Whoſe ſhrine he ſerued, whō he had made his ſaint:
For as hæ ſayd, Beauty had drawen conſtraint,
Wherfore hæ craude, true ſentence for his dome:
That Creſſid might poſſeſſe deſerued rome,

But Diomed when as hee hard the truth,
Hæ gate (Perforce) to parle in his cauſe:
Who moued the bench, with Pitty, Mone, and Ruth.
And ſayd that thee, had neuer broke the lawes:
But yeelded there, where nede ſo ſtrongly drawes,
Do what ſhe could, Perforce compeld her ſo:
When ſhæ was driuen, from Troy to Greece to go.

Knight Troylus then, remoued the ſute agayns,
Vnto a place, wheras the ground was ſure:
And by aduiſe, hee ceaſed not to complaine,
With hot aſſault, hee ſewed her a periure:
But Diomed ſcant able to indure,
Let fall the ſute vnto Dame Beauties pleaſure,
To end in haſte, or to defer to leyſure.

Then Calcas hee, which was her louing Sire,
Did offer Pynes, and glittering gobs of golde:
To ſpare his childe, the Iudge hee did require,
But yet alas, Beauty would not beholde:
Nor yet giue eare, vnto the tale hee tolde,
But iudged her which was the Prophets daughter
A Leper vile, and ſo ſhee liued after.

And as for him, which was the Troian knight,
With louely lookes, ſhee often gaue good cheere:
Though for her ſake, hee ended in the fight,
Yet truth ſhall try, it plainly ſhall appeere:
That his deſertes, ſo long as man liue here,
Shall pearce the clowdes, for euery man ſhall ſheu
That hee was iuſt, and to his Lady true.

Achilles then came trembling forth of Hell,
And brought with him Polixina the bright,
Whom hee did craue, becauſe hee loued ſo well,
And ſhould haue had if Paris had done right:
But Beauty ſhee, deſired the Grecian knight,
To ſtay his hand, and hold his liuely breath:
Contenting him, by faire Polixines death.

Oreſtes came into his former rage,
Which Pirrus felt, before Dame Beauties bar;
The Iudge did riſe, his fury to aſſwage,
And did demaund the cauſe of all that iar:
Nellor auoucht, before hee went to war,

Hermione

Hermione was young Oreſtes right,
Wherfore my thought the Iury ſet him quite.

Leander cryed and craued to haue the law,
And Hero thee, began with ſobs to waile:
Of Neptunes force, they both did ſtand in awe,
They labored much, but yet could not preuaile:
They daily ſought, but yet therin did faile,
Neptune (quoth hee) doth loue my Dame ſo deare,
That through his force, I am driuen backe by feare

Then Neptunes loue, began therat to frowne,
And for his ſake, Dame Hero did inuy:
And did not ceaſe, to ſeeke to put her downe,
In Neptunes lap, ſhee often times did cry:
Whoſe ſilly teares, her louers loue did try,
And hee content, to pleaſe this gallant Dame:
At her requeſt, reuenged him of theſame.

And on the Seas, hee caught this ſilly knight,
And ſonke his boate, within the flowing floods:
Where hee was drowned, and queſned by diſpight
This did the God to doo his lady good:
But thee alas, being fed with furious mode,
Caſt vp his corpes, which Hero did eſpye,
And fell from Towre, and with her loue did dye.

Amulius brought in his brothers childe,
Whom hee had lockt within the veſtall caue:
Accuſing Mars, which had that Dame beguilde,
And cauſed her loſe, the life that ſhee would haue:
But Mars in wrath, this ſpeedy ſentence gaue,
That Ilias Impes, ſhould worke Amulius ſhame:
Who after that had taſted of the ſame.

Then Minos wife came raging all in ire,
And Beauty aſked, her purpoſe and intent:

That ſpeckled Bull (quoth ſhé) I doo deſire,
The Gods gan laugh, and yéelded her conſent:
Forthwith from thence, to Dedalus ſhé went,
But Beauty ſkould, and did this fact deteſt,
And ſent forth Ire, to gnaw king Minos breſt.

Then Theſeus frœnd, ſhee ſtood on Naxus Ile,
And cryed alowd vnto the powres aboue:
Whom Baccus caught, and brought from long exile,
And in the ende, did chooſe her for his loue:
Whoſe rufull mone, Dame Beauties hart did moue,
But all the Gods ſent Theſeus into Hell:
Whoſe paynes were more, then any toung can tell.

Then Alpheus did Arethuſa chaſe,
And left his courſe, euen as hœ thought it beſt:
Diana ſhœ, did ſtay her of her race,
And yet deceiued this long deſiring gueſt:
And ſith in her, ſhœ ſaw a faythfull breſt,
By Beauties will, ſhœ changed her forme away:
Into a ſpring, which in her name did ſtay.

Then Cepheus childe, fearing the monſters might,
Cride to the Gods, vpon her mothers pride:
But Perſeus hart, relented at the ſight,
And truly vowde, no longer to abide,
Till for her ſake, the monſter hœ had tryde:
And on conflicte, hœ ended breathinge life,
And Beauty gaue, this damſell for his wife.

Apollo hœ, which gaue Caſſandra wit,
To tell all things, which after ſhould inſew:
Before the bar, wheras the Judge did ſit,
His whole complaint in open pleaded ſhew:
Hœ ſayd that ſhœ, had neuer proued true,
Wherat the Judge, did ware erceeding wanne:
And longe amazde, at laſt ſhœ thus beganne.

Sith you (quoth ſhe) which gaue to her this gifte,
Can not obtayne, the troth which ſhe did plight:
Tis good for you to vſe ſome other ſhifte,
Her falſe attempt, ſome other way to quite:
Wherfore the God, thus ſaid in open ſight,
The wordes ſhee ſpake, no Troian ſhall beleeue,
But eche mans minde, they ſhall moleſt and greeue.

A thouſand more, to long for to repeate,
Came thronging in, the Iudgement for to heare:
Such preace was made, before Dame Beauties ſeat,
Of thoſe which came, their matters to declare:
That if I ſhould name all that did appeare
It were to much, the labour were to long,
My pen would faint, and ſay it had great wrong.

Sardanapalus, ſomtime Thaſirian kinge,
With ſtrange attire hee entered into place:
Vpon his head a helmet hee did bring,
And in his hand, hee held a glittering glaſſe:
In Queenes attire, this foole bedecked was,
A rout of Yeares, and Concubines hee led,
Which while hee liude his greedy humors fed.

But Beauty bluſht, and bid him packe away,
And Venus ſmilde as one which likte it well:
Arbactus came of him to make a pray,
Whoſe wicked vſe in preſence hee did tell:
Whoſe life in pompe, and pleaſure did excell,
Then Beauty ſayd procure his timely death:
Arbactus went, and ſtopt his fatall breath.

What ſhould I ſay eche one which did complayne,
Hath out of hand, a iudgement and redreſſe:
The Crier hee is gathering of his gaine,
Eche officer is buſied with no leſſe:
The inhabiters, prouide for gallant gueſſe.

And euery one, prepareth passing chéere,
But euery thing is solde excéeding déere.

Since Saturns dayes, and golden yéeres ypast,
Since Ioue his birth, and all his brethren déere:
If ought were done, whose fame till now doth last,
You may suppose that it was truly there:
Yea euery thing in order did appere,
And euery iar, that present time was ended,
And eche offence, by iudgement was amended.

And since that time, I truly must confesse,
All strife is dóone, Dian loues no debate:
Shée liues no more in woods and wildernesse,
But euery one hath chóose a cherefull mate:
And some so much this life of hers do hate,
That for the feare of Cupids cursed checke,
They yeeld to bow, and come at euery becke.

Then maruell not, though Cupid rule alone,
And though eche wight is ready to obay:
For surely now Dianas host is gone,
Her troupe is small, which in the woods dó stay:
When Cupid comes, eche one doth run his way,
Yet some there bee, I can it not deny,
Which liue with her, with whom they meane to dye.

There Pitty stood, and pleaded many a case,
The blinded boy, had wisht him so to dóo.
And often times, the Iudge to him gaue place,
As well for frænd, as eke for forrain foe:
For sure shæ thought, most mæte for to doo so,
That frænd and foe, might ioyne them both in one,
And as they ought, worship Cupid alone.

Thus euery thing, béeing brought to perfit end,
And euery one contented with the same:

Then

Then mighty Ioue, from lofty clowdes did send,
His trusty knight, which vnto Beauty came:
Who merily began the Court to blame,
For that it stayd, and did defer so long:
While Vulcan thought, the kitchin had some wrong.

For when as Ioue from of the bench did part,
Whose eares did glow, to heare so many cry:
The sore complaints, did mone his tender hart,
With spéedy pace hee mounted to the skye:
And caused his cookes with Vulcan for to fry,
Till all delights for Beauties trayne did stay:
For whom hee sent and wisht to come away.

Then Beauty riside, and thus she gan to say,
My noble Lords, and Ladyes of estate:
Much are you bound, for this your happy day,
Your harty thankes to yeeld vnto your fate:
For that this Court, hath banished debate.
Then marke what hee, which is ordainde to speake,
Shall briefely say, and then the Court shall breake.

From of the bench, a cumly Lord did rise,
Which vnto all dit pleasantly appeere:
And vnto Heauen, hee fixed his stedfast eyes,
Whose couler came, which did increase his cheere:
Whose voyce was such that euery man might here.
And at the last (making no long delay)
With filed speech thus hee began to say.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

## *Himenæ his Oration.*

REnowmed Lordes giue eare, and marke what I shall say,
Which now haue seene the whole exploites of all this lucky day.
I Hymenæus hight whose force you do obay,
In whom (twise happy may you bee) if you do rightly stay.
Now therfore sith eche case, hath bin discoursed at large,
And sith the Iudge, by Iustice rule her duty did discharge.
Leaue of those wanton toyes of loue, beeing vsed amisse,
And loue the lawes of wedlocks bond, which much more seemely is.
And you which long haue erred, and wandered to and fro,
Reuoke your selues, and stay your race, and cease for to doo so.
For holy bee the lawes, which wedlocke doo maintaine,
And duty must perforce be giuen, to those which there remaine.
To range abrode in woods, as many vsde before,
Beseeme the brutish beast to doo, then vse that vse no more.
Let Iuno serue for loue, submitting for his wife,
And let not Neptune with his mate, dispise to leede his life.
If Hypolite the chast, can leade his life so still,
Why should not Phædra suffer him, to doo after his will:
What ill affectes bee these, cut of those Impes I pray,
Which may both bring the roote and stocke, with branches to decay.
And thus I end in breefe, as erst I haue begonne,
Desiring you to set your willes, in wedlockes lawes to ronne.

¶ This sayd her cease, and setled downe agayne,
And Beauty rose, and vttered all her minde:
Requesting them that they would take the payne,
To wend with her, as loue had then assinde:
They did consent as duty did them binde,
But ere they went, beholde what did betide:
To mee poore soule, which did that sight abide.

For as I loked, on euery thing that fell,
I did neglect, wheras my guide did goe:
And glauncing lookes, within that place did dwell,
With speedy pace, came running mee vnto,

Who

Who drew mee forth, euen as a furious foe:
Who straightly said, thy iudgement shalbe geuen,
Bee sure to dye, God bring thy soule to Heauen.

Hee drew mee forth, and vrged mee to goe,
Yea Mauger all my force and all my might:
Alas sayd I, what meane you to do so,
Take some remorse, and cease to worke your spight:
Doo well (quoth hee) if that thy case bee right,
Wherfore I wept, but yet alas in vaine,
And on my guide, I ceast not to complayne.

I sweat for feare, I tremble for to tell,
My haire stood vp, my sences were agast:
My reddy blood, this terror did expell,
Before that time, which in my cheekes was plaste:
And yet my foe did draw mee forth in haste,
Who told the Iudge, where hee had found mee out,
When all the throng began to preace about.

And when they saw, what nouelty had hapt,
Then euery one, began to shout and cry:
And on my head, their tender handes they clapt,
And sayd good Sir, you are welcome hartely:
Wherwith I thankte them for their curtesie,
Whē teares and swet, ran down my face by stremes
They awakte mee out of this dreadfull dremes.

So since that time I neither saw my foe,
Nor yet my guide, which then was slipt away:
Nay can I tell, if they to skyes did goe,
As Beauty had pretended all that day:
Of this nor that, no more I haue to say,
But when I wakte, I went from silent shade:
For darkesome night, the earth did then inuade.

And here beholde, I breefely will conclude,
For why? my pen is weary of her toyle:

But yet I pray, beare with these tearmes so rude,
And for my payne, yeeld not my worke the foyle:
Now gentle Muse, vnto thy Caue recoyle,
I yeeld thee thankes, for this thy gentle hart:
Thy Maister hee, hath playd his wished parte.

And though not so, as hee hath wisht to doo,
Yet for his skill, hee hath displayde his due:
Hee craues remorce, if that it chaunceth so,
That any crime, therof there should insue:
Or if his pen, hath writ more then is true,
Iudge you which haue, run in this tedious way,
The Author doth expect what you will say.

## To I. C.

IF it had not been, gentle I. C. for your earnest intreatie, whose wordes might commaunde mee, I assure you, that these three trifles had not come vnto the handes of any reader, for feare of infamy, which I doubt that they shall incurre, by meanes of the vnskilfull reader. But beeinge perswaded that they shall neuer bee red of any, (you only excepted, and your louing Brother) I haue taken the paine, (which for your cause, I accompt but a sporte) for to set them downe in the forefrunt. Partly for that they fight all vnder one Ensigne: Partly for that the other which follow, bee written vnto sundry persons. Let mee therfore gentle I. C. intreate you to kepe these close, lest they come to the handes of them which may for the publishing of them, bee by right moued with mee. Fare you well.

# The lyfe and death of Maiſter, T. *Cicero, who was ſlayne, beeinge* 63. yeares of age.

NO legend lye, no fable fond, no tatling tale I tell,
No treaſure of Thalias Schoole, my ſhop hath for to ſell:
Come Chapmen come, come vew and ſee, and bargain for the beſt,
And ſee the hap of him, whoſe hand, held Rome in perfit reſt.
Whoſe yll reward for paines beeing paſt, when as you do perceine,
Although they moue not watery ſtreames, to weepe yet giue me leue
For when I writ with painfull pen, that which I had begun,
The teares diſtild from watery eyne, whence flowing floods did run.
And forrowed down my moiſtned chækes, repleat wᵗ greuous mone,
And ſeaſned ſighes with ſalted Seas, I vttered many a one.
And thus my Muſe amazde my minde, and kept my hart in feare,
Since firſt I tooke my quinering quill, his actes for to declare.
In Italy an auncient Towne, that once Arpinum hight,
Which erſt the Volſcian kinges inioyed, by title truth and right.
Yet after ſubiect vnto Rome, as cuſtome did conſtraine,
Somtime there was, and yet perhaps, to this day do remaine.
Herin did Olbia hide her ſelfe, a Matron pure and milde,
And to her Tullius ioyfull ſpouſe, brought forth a louely childe.
A bleſſed babe whoſe noble ſtocke, neuer brought vnto decay,
(Of auncient Volſcian kinges hee came, as writers did bewray.)
Did claime and challenge rightfully, that which long time was loſt,
And hope did make the hartes reioyce, within Arpinum coſte.
In youth (as well beſeemeth youth) in ſchole hee ſpent his daies,
Who wan renowme vnto the ſame, and to it purchaſt praiſe.
And happy might that Maiſter bee, which ſuch a ſcholler taught,
Who to the ſeede that hee did ſow, ſuch great increaſe hath brought.
And one thing doth reuiue my hart, and fill my minde with ioyes,
In gallant youth with Poets arte, hee publiſht many toyes.
Whereby I iudge that Poets ſkill, in youth is not condemned,
Nor practiſe of ſuch painfull workes, in it ſhould bee contemned.
For what can more reuiue the hart, or ſharpen dulled wit,
Or els to recreate the minde, few ſtudies bee ſo fit.

As Poetry wherin I finde, that Plato did delight,
While youth did last as erst did hee, of whom my Muse doth write.
When ryper yeres gan run their race, and tender times wer spent,
With humain artes beeing furnished, and not therwith content.
To ciuill law hee lent a time, where hee long time did stay,
And while hee liued through Roman rout, did beare the price away.
And ioyned true Philosophy vnto the law an aide,
A helpe to those vndoubtedly, which in that trade are staide.
Whereof how much hee pend with skill, your witnesse I implore,
(If all his workes had come to light) which haue his workes in store
At last when courage gan to pricke, and strength his minde did moue
And martiall feates did put him forth, the force of Mars to proue.
With shining sword, and battering blowes, his golden spurs did win
By dint of blade in Scillas siege, by chance hee entered in.
Whose peereles prowesse of youthfull yeres, delighted Scilla so,
That hee by graunt permitted him, in peace to Rome to goe.
And line among his faithfull frends, to couch himselfe in rest,
Eche thing was free for him to vse, euen what hee fancied best.
Where while hee vsed his former vse, which erst did seeme him good,
And for his frend in open plea, his fretting foes withstood.
Lo Sextus Roscius is accused, by Scilla and his traine,
And Tully must come tell his tale, to set him free againe.
Wherwith the Tyrant gan to swell, but him for to preuent,
Hee doth abstaine from royall Rome, and vnto Athens went.
And practises the Romain tong, mingled with the Greeke,
That Athens neuer since that time, in her containd the like.
For at that time though Rome did rule, yet Athens did excell,
In knowledge of the Sciences, where all the Artes did dwell.
Till Tully tryed and found the truth, which hee in time reuealed,
And found out arte, in native speeche, which long had bin concealed.
Which Apollonius tolde before that then the crowne did beare,
And purchast praise in Orators, which then in Athens were.
Alas (saith hee) I rue your case (you Grecians) and decay,
For that which once was left to you, Tully shall take away.
Now Scilla draweth to his ende, and death hath paid his due,
And Tully did returne to Rome, which erst hee did eschue.
From thence to Cicilye hee went, beeing Questor of the same,
And did the duty meete for him, which in that office came.

So

So well hee ruled, that frend and foe, his wisdome did content,
His perfit time, beeing brought to end, againe to Rome he went.
In trace of time the consulship, was giuen vnto his lot,
Which he discharged worthely, true iustice not forgot.
His counsaile and his grauity, his duty did discharge,
His wisdome and authority, did shew exceeding large.
Hee caused Catelyne to trudge, whose flight his mates did wound,
And by his policy, hee kept the Cittie safe and sound.
And they which threatned fire and sword, with slaughter to their foile
Do groueling grone vpon the ground, whereas they haue the foile.
And hee triumphing of his day, as did beseeme his might,
Is called Pater Patriæ, by Iustice law and right.
The first also which wan that name, being neuer heard before,
The good estate to native soyle, hee sought for to restore.
His wife was named Terentia, in whom hee was beguilde,
Of whom hee had young Cicero, and Tullia the milde.
A frend hee was to verity, no fayned wordes to vtter,
Ne would hee speake dissemblingly, nor glose in any matter.
As well appeard in Clodius fact, for then in Rome there were
The sacred Dames which vowed themselues, the vestall weeds to beare
A law there was and well obserued, that none but women should,
Do rites and homage in that place, for so Dame Vesta would.
Within that place Pompeia kept, which was then Cæsar his wife,
Whom Clodius with vnlawfull lust, did loue with all his life.
And when no way hee could attaine, his pleasure to possesse,
To offer wrong to Cæsars bed, his hart was in distresse.
Yet yet hee did attempt this feate, bedect in maydes aray,
And with the vestalles offered rites, and duties all that day:
In hope Pompeia to imbrace and vanquish in the night,
But after when this famous fact was publisht in the light:
The Vestals thinke they had great wrong and strait an action draw,
Accusing Clodius they do craue, the rigor of the law.
Then Clodius to award this blow, and to driue back this dome,
Protest that hee that present day, was not in roiall Rome.
And for his witnesse brings out him, of whom my Muse doth wright,
But Tully sticking to the truth, layeth out the cause aright.
That Clodius that present day (which Clodius did denye)
Yet him in Rome, which many more, affirmed stedfastly.

Thus Clodius all inwrapt in care, of golde did make a frend,
Who set him free from Iudgment bar, and did the Iudges blinde.
Whose flattering face and priuy bribes, did some corrupt the law,
And fauour of all noble men, from Tully did withdraw.
Who persecuted Tully so, as well with wordes as might,
That hee perforce constrayneth him to fly from Rome by night.
And as an exile sixteene monethes, in exile did remayne,
Till hee by Pompyes good successe, was called home againe.
Whom Clodius ceast not to assaile, and sharply to inuade,
Till Milo stopt his liuely breath, by force of glittering blade.
When Clodius had his true desert, and Tullies foes were gone,
Then fortune fauoured his successe, which erst had cause to mone.
And Crassus is become his frend, which erst did him inuye,
And Cæsar did maintaine his case, which long did lake away.
And who so good a frend to him as Pompye through whose plea,
His goods which Clodius did consume, to him restored bee.
And when as death with dauncing Dart, did end vp Crassus race,
Cecylia ceast was giuen to him, the Parthians for to chase.
Who ruled the prouince in such sort, that Parthia cease to fight,
And Tully was ordained at Rome, to triumph by his right.
But discorde moued betweene the peres, hee did refuse the same,
And gladly did prefer the weale, before his praise of fame.
But wo is mee with battering blowes, the state of Rome decay,
And Cæsar seekes by dints of sworde, to take the same away.
What shall I say, no feare of foes, appaled Tullies hart,
No frendship hath withdrawne his minde, to leue the rightest part.
But Pompye slaine, and Cato dead, and Tully quited free,
Hee left the sworde which erst was wont, his whole delight to bee.
And Soly sought his Cuntries wealth, and Homer to maintaine,
And that which long was hid before, by skill hee made most plaine.
So that throughout the Roman coast, who spake of Tully then,
Might iustly say that hee was borne, to profit other men.
For as hee did deserue great fame, by profit to the weale,
Euen so the lawes of Eloquence, hee iustly did reueale.
And hath a title of renowne, drawne out of learnings lore,
Which many Greekes in Grecian soyle, could not attaine before.
But yet alas I rew to tell, I tremble all to late,
That cursed slippery Fortunes wheele, inuieth all mens estate.

Who

Who erſt had raiſde him to the Mount, of pleaſure and delight,
Who had renowmed his famous fact, where Tiran giueth light.
Who had exalted all his deedes, with honor and renowme,
Doth now begin with boyſterous ſtormes, to beat him cleane adowne
Terentia prooueth moſt vntrue, whoſe faith ſhould not haue ſwerued,
With whom hee made a cleane diuorce, as well her deedes deſerued.
Then poore eſtate began to pricke, and panges of pinching death,
By pli ſucceſſe of Fortunes ſpite, did ſtop his daughters breath.
Antonius then began to rage, the greateſt greefe and ſmart,
Who ſeekes the ſtate of Roman ſeate, by all meanes to ſubuert.
Octauius is appald with feare, the Egiptians flockt by rout,
And all the Senate quake for dread, and make their praiers deuout.
The Tyrants trayne and griſly ghoſt, could not olde Tully quell,
For cauſe his tongue to ſtay from talke, Antonius facte to tell.
But might (alas) expelleth truth, as plainly did appeare,
When force laide waite to trip the iuſt, then Tully fled for feare:
To him whom erſt hee had preſerued, whoſe ayde hee did implore,
His helpe hee ſought, whom hee had helpt, and fostered long before.
Who through his ayde then ruled as Prince, and Cæſar ouer all,
But harke alas, I rue to tell, what hap did him befall.
Octauius thyrſty of the Crowne, inflamed with heate of wealth,
Neglecting Tullyes ſmall requeſt, hee did not way his healthy.
And for a truce (oh curſed wretch,) hee yeelded to his foe,
The wiſhed pray of Tullyes life, which hee deſired ſo.
The Sparrow hatcht the Cockoes birde, which ſome did ſee his ende,
Hee fled alas vnto his foe, whom hee eſteemde his freend.
Oh diueliſh deede, oh luckleſſe lot, oh day of dolefull dome,
Oh helliſh hound, vnworthy wretch, to rule in royall Rome.
Hath curſed care bewitcht thy braine? hath pride or peeuiſh pelfe,
Made thee betray him whom thou ought'ſt, regard more then thy ſelfe
Alas alas, run Tully run, the bargain now is made,
Thy blood muſt make great freends of foes, oh trickes of tigers trade.
Antonius ſeekes to lay thee flat, tis time to packe away,
When ſounding fame this true report, to Tully did bewray.
To Seas hee bent, whoſe waſhinge waues did cauſe him to returne,
For why, I thinke the fatall Dames, his deely wound had ſworne.
Whom Antony did neuer ceaſe, with haſty ſpeede to chaſe.
Till hee by Fortunes crooked blaſt, had won him in his race.

And

And sent Popilius (whom long sines, Tully had saued from shame,)
To stop his breath whose stony hart, accorded to the same.
From whom hee tooke both hands and head, and left the carcasse still
And brought to Antony his Lorde, his greedy gorge to fill.
Who caused them on Senate top, for to possesse a place,
Where Tully oft had tried his wit in many a worthy case.
Whose filthy facts eche one inuied, which passed to and fro,
And sent forth many sobbes and teares, for greefe of Tullyes woe.
That now not only Romans wayle, but all the world lament,
And cease not for the losse of him, to curse his foos intent.

*Vt voce sic vultu ac vita.*

This Epitaph followinge of P. Ramus the Poore knight, hath often tolde mee, to bee a freendes of his in Cambridge, and not of his owne indightinge, which if it bee, I craue pardon of the Author, and I leaue it to the consideration of the Reader.

## An Epitaph vpon the death of the famous *Phylosopher, P. Ramus, who was murdered* in the persecution of France, 26. Augusti. Anno Domini. 1572.

*Etatis circiter. 57.*

YE Ladyes faire of Hellicon, come helpe for to deplore,
The losse of him who while hee liude, your Alters did adore.
The bow, ẏ branch, which bare such frute, whose tast & plesant sauor,
Did moue the harts, of all the impes, which sought to win your fauor.
Who plighted paine to Hellicon, in Parnas was his pleasure,
Who drunke of Aganippas well, in Thespias was his treasure.
By sundry sortes hee sought to clyme, the Mount which merit fame,
No thorne this was, but fruitfull tree, his faults declare the same.
Oh would you could permit the pen, and quiuering quill to wright,
Wherwith olde Homer did discourse, the toyle of Troian fight.

Or els from of Carmellas bed, Apelles raise againe,
To hew his tombe with cunning hand, whō denting death hath slain
Fye Poets, fy: fy, fy, for shame: vniust you seeme to bee.
To pen the praise of bush and shrub, and to let pas this tree.
Who yelded fruite to euery one, of swœte & sugred sauor,
Now winters blast hath blown him bare, that none requite his labor
If Virgils verse I could atchiue, his renowme to declare,
No Textor his toyle, should quaile my Muse, or put my mind in feare
Or for to pen olde Ramus praise, then blessed wight I were.
If I of him as hee could doo, while hee was liuing here.
A Jem, a ioy, a freend to France, yet France to him a foe,
A Lampe of light, to those which sæke, to Parnas Hill to goe.
What should I say, a pœreles perle, and of a precious price.
A teacher to the silly soule, a Judge amongst the wise.
A Spectacle to students, to youth a perfit glasse,
A rescue to Religion, when discorde moued was.
A light to good Logicions, a pen to Tullies praise,
A Pilot vnto passengers, which bee to saile those seas.
A Mirror to Philosophy, an ayd to them which bee,
Minded to feede vpon the frute, which grow vpon this tree
Thus while he liued in skilful schooles, and taught most perfit waies,
The roote, the stock, which bare this branch, did win immortal praise
And while he sought to clere the springs, being stopt with filthy mier
His paines did purchase publicke foes, as paiment for his hier.
And while hee sought the truth to tell, by proofe to try the same.
Alectos shaked her snaky snout, and from Cocitus came,
Whose grisly ghost did moue the mindes, of those whom furyed,
How tumults stirred their libels lost, such frute Alectos bred.
Olde Ramus hee, whose tongue was truth, whose pen did puchase
By straight edict must silent rest, his pen must do the same. (fame,
His paper hath no liberty, his pen may not display,
That which his Muse in learned stile, is now forbid to say.
His auditors who willingly, his lectures did frequent,
By publike charge they must abstaine in feare of punishment.
Till mighty Ioue which raised vp, this bow, this branch, this tree,
Sent sliuer teares, and chrystall springes, his comfort for to bee.
By whom this branch did blow againe with blomes that were most
With filed pen and reasons rule, hee put his foes to flight. (bright.

The combat was proclaimed on hye: olde Ramus muſt begin,
In liftes his manhood for to try, his foes bee entred in.
Not one nor twaine, but many foes, aſſembled were together,
To lanche the barke into ỹ waues, againſt the ſtormes & weather.
Olde Ramus hee whoſe worthy wit, whoſe force to few was knowne,
Arriueth in porte, but in the ſeas, his foes hee ouerthrowen.
And they which made this fire for to conſume this flouriſhing tree,
Through heate of kindled coales, themſelues to aſhes waſted bee.
The pit which Pretus wife did dig, Belerophon to intrap,
As pleaſed the fates to winde their clew, returne to her miſhap.
Euen ſo Don Phœbus deigned at laſt, his glittering beames to ſhow,
Expulſing Winters hoary head, with boyſterous winds that blow.
And Ramus gates which earſt were lockt, bee now vnbard againe,
Free paſſage is permitted there, where bondage did remaine.
The learned route frequented him, the Muſes did him fauor,
The graces ſought by gracious meanes, for to requite his labor.
The bowes did flouriſh fruitfully, while ſommer did remaine,
When ſeaſon came hee yeelded fruit, and France did reape the gaine.
And eft olde Ramus ſayd: come, come, come learne if that you will,
I haue the key that doth vnfolde, and openeth vnto ſkill.
Grammarians, come and learne I pray: come Rectors came (quoth hee)
In Logiches art I will you teache, ſo ſhall you perfite bee.
Oh happy place, oh ioyfull man, which haſt ſuch ware in ſight,
Twiſe happy France, if France had knowē, to vſe thy fruites aright
Oh bleſſed man whoſe liſtning eare, might heare thy dubled voyce,
What cauſe had they which were thy frends, of thee for to reioyce.
Thus while the ſkyes were cleare, while calme did beare the ſway,
Olde Ramus wan his fame and praiſe, which ſhall remaine for aye.
And pend his frute in volumes great, which all the learned know,
The gaine they reape, which taſte his frute, the paine hee did beſtow
What cauſe haue they that ſtudients bee, and taſte his frutes aright:
For him and his to yeld great praiſe, vnto the Lorde of might.
But as they haue cauſe to reioyce, ſo may they weepe and waile,
Though deſolate dumpes, & trickling teares, his cauſe wil not auaile.
Waile, wayle, & weepe they may: for why the tempeſt raiſed on hye,
When foes did frowne then winde did weſt, & frute did ſcattered lye
The tree was digged vp by the roote, the branch was lopped low,
And France diſdayned at the frute, which on this tree did grow.

When

When hundreds which profeſſes the Lord, with hart, with deed, with
With theſe was Ramus put to death, & murdred with ſword. (word
When noble peeres and Gentilmen: when men of martiall might,
By bloody hands and flinty harts, (alas I rue that wight:
Partaker of ſuch miſery) by thoſe of Tigers traine,
Whom pittie neuer ſeemde to meane, for Chriſt his cauſe were ſlain.
Then Ramus hee, that Lampe of light, of learning in our daies,
Did ende his life, and purchaſt fame, which ſhall remaine alwaies.
Whoſe death although his foes did wiſh: which haue therto conſented.
Yet all the world no doubt the loſſe, of him haue long lamented.
In Chriſt hee liued, in Chriſt hee died, with Chriſt hee doth inioy,
A place no doubt for which hee died, which nothing can anoy.
As then his life deſerued fame, his death deſerueth more,
Then ceaſe the loſſe of ſuch a life, yee Muſes to deplore.
And graunt to him his guerdon due, which all his deedes do merit,
I meane within your Courts of fame, his meede hee may inherit.

*Vt voce ſic vultu ac vita.*

## An Epitaph vpon the death of P. Starling, *Somtime Schoolemaiſter of Bury Schoole.*

CEaſe ſighing now, and thinke no more of care,
Goe grilly ghoſt, goe tell thy heauy hap:
Come dolefull Dames, caſt of theſe weedes you ware,
Reioyce with mee, which lye in ioyfull lap:
Where ioy it ſelfe, longe ſince did keepe and dwell.
Ceaſe from your plaints, and harke what newes I tell.

The prety birde, which you haue foſtered longe,
Which buylt her neaſt, within the Iuory tree:
Which did delight your eares with ſugred ſong,
Though from her kinde, thoſe notes diſſending bee:
Hath now of late, built vp her neaſt on hye,
And ſunge her longe, within the lofty ſkye.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

For while hée serued, with sheld of learned lore,
And wan such thinges as furnished his nest:
Iudge you ye Dames, which knew this bird before,
Might not hee well compare him with the best:
In learnings lap, and vertues braunts bred hee,
Oh happy wight, what gifte could better bée.

And euery day, vpon Parnassus hill,
Hee taught his young, most sweetly to recorde:
His pleasant tune, echs vacant place did fill,
His ioyfull notes did please the liuing Lorde:
A constant hart, in him was truly tryed,
Thus Starling liued, thus Starling lately died.

And in the clowdes hée doth possesse his place,
When as the Dames, his fatall clew had spun:
Untimely death did win him in his race,
And stopt the steps, which hée did thinke to run:
Yet sith in heauen, hée doth inioy his blisse,
Hée liueth in place, where perfit pleasure is.

*Vt voce sic vultu ac vita.*

# An Epitaph on the death of M. *Sharpe, of Trinity Colledge* in Cambridge.

If wailyng would prenaile, if woo would daunt at will,
Or if the furies three, were linked all in one:
To helpe them for to mone, whose greefe hane banisht skill,
Then happy were the case, of him which made this mone.
But sith the penfiue hart, may linger where it lye,
And sith the dolefull downe, will not release the hue:
While that I leade my life, I will not cease to cry,
And waile with them which say, my owne good Sharpe adue.

And

And waile with them which say, my owne good Sharpe adew,
Adew farewell, adew vnto thy clampe of clay:
Whom when thy breath forsoke, to that which should insew,
A proose ouerruing life most glorious for aye,
No panges which wicked feare, could breake thy hart in sunder,
But leofast to thy truste, Christ Iesus was thy stocke:
To whom in all thy woe (which caused the wicked wonder,)
Thou only calest for ayde, to him which was thy rocke.

Thou only callest to him for ayde, which was thy rocke,
To whom thou yeldest life, hoping for sweeter gaine:
Whose vse is not disceite, the faithfull for to mocke,
Rewarding iust with life, the wicked with their paine.
The foolish liue in sinne, the wicked asketh woe,
Their woe is burning fier, whose flame shall euer last,
Then happy maist thou bee which passed thy time so:
Whom tempestes could not shake, nor billowes make agast,

Whom tempestes could not shake, nor billowes make agast,
Such was thy faithfull trust, such was thy trusty faith:
That what soeuer affliction his silly corpes did taste,
Lord Iesus, come, assist mee, yet often times hee sayth:
And yelded vp the ghost, to him which framed all,
When as fewe yeares were run, such was his fatall lot:
And after carefull study, this to him did befall,
Who for his life once lost, a double life hath got.

Who for his life once lost, a double life hath got,
The one in bawty skyes, his spirit doth inioy:
The other here in fame, the which nothing can spot,
Which Momus can not breake, nor Zoylus destroy.
Then sith it happeneth so, and sith our Sharpe doth liue,
And sith hee doth enioy, a life which last for aye:
Great cause haue wee, great praise, to mighty Ioue to giue,
And to our Sharpe farewell, ten thousand times to say.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

This Epitaph before of Maiſter Sharpe, hee made in ſuch greeſe of minde, that hee had ſmall or no regard to the meaſure of the Verſe. The poore Knight therfore deſireth pardon.

# Foure of the poore Knights complaints

## *made as hee hath declared, in great greeſe*

of harte, applyed to ſundry theames.

### The fyrſt complaynt.

Onge haue I wept alone, for ſorrow and for care,
My hart hath long bæn plunged in paine, græfe, and diſtreſſe:
Awake ye fatall Dames, and helpe for to declare,
Mine waile with mee which wæpe, the fate of my ſucceſſe,
The Fortunes croked chance, hath broke my dolefull hart,
The fate it ſelfe hath ſworne, to worke my græfe and ſmart:
To tell that heauy hap, which all men ought to wrepe,
My ſoule is priſoner ſtill, and care my hart doth keepe.
And yet my græfe finde no anayle,
I ſulke in ſeas without a ſayle:
I rolo about with euery winde,
My helme is an vnquiet minde.

A wofull fate.

No loue nor louers lawes, hath caught my hart in ſnare,
No want of worldly wealth, hath bred ſo great anoy:
No loſſe of Fortunes gifte, hath clad my hart with care,
No feare of dinting death, hath baniſht perfite ioy:
No frowning force of foes, which doth my life inuade,
Nor want of worthy blod, this heauy hart hath made:
Tis none of theſe I vow, nor none of theſe ſhall bee,
Which haue increaſt my woe, and baniſht ioyfull glee.
But that which hath renewde my mone,
It ſticks far nearer to the bone.
Woeſe gripes of greeſe, will make mee cry,
With ſorrowing ſighes till that I dye.

Alas the while.

So

So shall I quickly fade, and perish quite away,
Which now I gladly wish, and oft haue wisht before:
That this my brittle flesh might perish vnto clay,
And that within the ground, my bones might lye in store:
How happy should I bee, how ioyfull man were I,
Oh gentle death come strike, that I may fade and die:
For life is present death, and death would bring mee life,
And ende my wofull dayes, which I consume in strife.
Graunt this good liuing Lorde I pray,
That as I wish, euen so I may:
Ende this my life, and ends my care,
That in this place I may haue share.

Graunt this O Lord.

## The seconde complaynt, which plainly bewray the matter of the first.

Onus æthna grauius.

IF Ossa Mount, and Pelion hill, were cast vpon my backe to beare,
And I as strong as Atlas by, which in his badge ỹ starres did weare
Or if my taske by payne of death, alotted were to cleane the sea,
Or if to passe by Stigian flood, to bew wheras the blessed bee.
I thinke of truth, and as I gesse,
So shall the truth it selfe come try:
Not halfe the paine I should sustaine,
Come gentle death and let mee dye.

For since I left my staggering state, and did the cradle milde rest[illegible],
And since to sucke my mothers breast, I did my minde therfro decline,
Yea since ỹ time by mothers oth, I spent my dayes in care & gre[illegible];
And since that time I thanke my God: of other frends I found rele[illegible];
As now I doo and longe haue done,
Yet this by proofe I plainly see:
I finde it so, no care and woe,
Like to a troubled minde can bee.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

A troubled minde is cause of payne, a quiet spirit reuiueth ioyes,
A quiet minde increaseth myrth, a troubled minde the same destroyes
Then if ỳ loue would kil the cause, ỳ care no doubt should fade away,
And yet my care cannot depart, while ỳ the troubled minde doth stay.
And thus I dare in breefe conclude,
No carking care that euer I finde:
Vpon the mould, I dare bee bolde,
Is like vnto the troubled minde.

# The thirde complaint.

Sit extracti medicina confessio.

AH, ah, my hart, my hart, my hart, my hart,
What pinching panges? what danger dost thou feele?
I see my frends, haue leste to take my part,
My hart, my hart, can not my greefe conceale:
My pen hath sworne, my matter to reueale,
Perforce my hands, these scribled lines did write,
And wished some meanes my trespasse to requite.

What shall I saye? what shall I take in hand?
My minde is dull, my braine is battered sore,
My eyes bee dimme, where trickling teares do stand:
My soule hath sobbed, my hart can sighe no more,
But now beholde, your mercy and implore:
I craue for grace, and pardon for my crime,
Condempne mee not, before my allotted time.

But try agayne, and see what frutes shall flow,
No labor lost, no trauell shall bee spent:
Bee willing then, some mercy for to show,
To him that hath, a minde for to repent:
Will not the frutes, of such a good intent,
Glad when the like, you shall in mee detect,
Then shake your hand, and pay mee for neglect,

And

And this is all, and more then all I thinke,
Yea this is all I purposed to wright:
Then saue the ship, which voyde of hope must sinke,
And lye a pray, vnto the Ocians might:
The day in sighes, in teares I spend the night,
Then stay my teares, release mée of my paine,
I haue confest, and do recant againe.

## The fourth complaint of this, and of the *thirde I can set no true cause of wrighting*, for the poore Knight hath denyed to tell it.

### Pyraustæ interitus.

AS doth the Fly, whose life the fier maintaines,
Giue vp the breath, when fier is take her fro:
Or as the worme, within the snow remaines,
Yeld vp the life, when shee from snow doth go:
Alas the while, so happeneth it to mée,
For heat and colde, haue bæn my great delight:
What græse is this, that I must distant bæ?
From out the place, wherof I haue my might?
Come denting death, come strike the ende of strife,
Pyraustæ shæ, is weary of her life.

Farewell to thæ, which gaue mæ breath and blood,
Farewell to thæ, which did maintaine my state:
Farewell to thæ, in whom my pleasure stood,
Farewell to thæ, which diddest prolonge my fate:
For why? the snow is melted with the sunne,
And flashing fier, is quenched out with raine:
The fates haue sayd, short bæ thy dales to runne,
From whence thou camest, thou shalt returne againe:
Come denting death, come strike the ende of strife,
Pyraustæ shæ, is weary of her life.

## The poore Knight his Pallace

So goeth my time, so runs my sickle race,
And all is gone, nothing is left in store:
Imbrued with teares, I must bewayle my case,
I wish for death, what should I looke for more:
For sith the aydes which did prolonge my strength,
Bee fled from feelde, and banished from coast,
With willing hart, I yeld to him at length:
Which comes to call whom I desired most.
Come denting death, come strike the ende of strife,
Pyrausta shee, is weary of her life.

More of the poore Knights Posies, of sundy matters, and writ to sundry persons.

## A letter to William Th. who sending to *him for a looking glasse, writ vnto him this* letter, with the Glasse following.

### The Letter.

TO blame my selfe, or pinch mee to the quicke,
To rub the bare, which faine would rankled lye:
To raise the mier, within the water thicke,
Is all in vaine, experience plainly trie:
To warne of that, as Horace did in Rome:
Exhorting thee from that which I should vse,
That guerdon dew, vnto my share would come:
Which for his hier, Scilla could not refuse,
Exhorting those, which then in Rome did stay,
To sober life: when hee a Ruffian was:
Loe euery one, with ready tounge would say,
Scilla, Scilla, seeke to amend thy case:
Amend thy life: a good example giue,
So wee by thee shall better know to liue.

So wee by thee, shall better know to liue,
Whose life wee take, whose wordes wee doo not way:

If I to thee, the like to this should giue,
And thou my hier, with like accompt should pay:
Then were I well rewarded for my paine,
And had enough alotted to my taske:
But this I know, thou neuer will disdaine,
For to performe, the sum that I shall aske;
Then sith I trust, to try all of good will,
Peruse the same, which I to thee haue sent:
Which would I could dclate with so much skill:
As hee which first moued mee to this intent,
But here, to him, to thee, to his, to thine:
And as to thee, turn so to mee and mine.

And as to thee, euen so to mee and mine,
For thee I do, accompt among my owne:
And as my owne, from thee shall not decline,
But ioyne in one, whose serues in one bee sowne:
So read thou this, which cummeth from thy frend,
But as thou reade, remember my good will:
And way this well, which I for thee haue pende,
As for a glasse, to stand before thee still:
And when thou beweest, thy formall face therin,
Though I bee gon, and happely out of minde.
Thus for to muse, on mee thou maist begin,
God rest thy soule, my frend which wert so kinde:
And after if thou canst perceiue thy spot,
To looke in this, my Glasse disdaine thou not.

## The looking glasse of the poore Knight, to W. Th.

In him which made and framed all, repose thy hope and trust,
Who as hee made thee out of clay, can turne thee vnto dust.
In him I say which guideth all, the Heauen, the earth the sea,
Holde fast thy hope, in whom I hope, eternall life to see.
Who as hee seeth euery thing, yet neuer seene of any,
So is hee present euery where, as hath appeard to many.

Yet hee which clears his hart from ſpot, and purge his minde from yt
Hæ ſæth the Lord: hæ knoweth the Lord, hæ doth the Lord his will.
In him to put thy confidence, as loyall duty charge,
Forget not for to put thy hope, in him (which holds the large
And lofty ſky within his hand) do not his heſt neglect,
For godly duty at thy hands, hee ſolely doth expect.
Which if thou dooſt hee will thee bleſſe, yea in moſt bounden ſort,
And bring thy ſhip through wallowing waues, vnto ỹ happy port.
Then after duty done to God: (ſweet William) kæpe in minde,
The ſtraight and lincked knot of loue, which natiue ſoyle doth binde.
To whom thou oweſt thy life, thy land, thy body and thy blood,
For whom thou oughteſt to ſpend theſame, if it may do her good.
For what can bee more neare the ſkin, or ſticke more nere the bone,
Then ioy with parents, when they ioy, & mone when as they mone.
And loe thy cuntry doth maintaine, both thee and all thy kin,
Thy life their land, thy ioy their hope, and all that is therin.
Herin thou oughteſt not to forget, thy parents of good fame,
And ſæke for them, as they for thee, for to increaſe theſame.
Do duty to thy elder Sire, and loue thy yonger brother,
And holde vpright the falling ſtaffe, of thy gray hedded mother.
Whoſe hoary haire doth ſmile for ioy, whoſe fainting fæte renew,
The running race with liuely blood, with freſh and pleaſant hew.
And thou in whom her hart doth reſt, do walke that wiſhed way,
Oh ioyfull ſtockes (ſaith ſhæ) whoſe impes doth kæpe you from decay
Now learne (my Will) thy duty done, to God and parents then,
To ſhun thoſe wicked waies, which ought to bæ diſpyſed of men.
Firſt fly from pride, whoſe puffed cheeks, wil bring thy hart to pain,
Eſchue the Pope, with all his pelfe, for why hee is but vaine.
Whoſe bellowing Bulles in Baſan bred, haue roared againſt the light,
And cleane apposed their wicked waies, againſt the Lord of might.
Whoſe great confuſion and decay, no doubt is neare at hand,
Although hee clime the ſupræm head, of euery chriſtian land.
In riot run no reckles race, regard thy good eſtate,
And way thy welth, for riot hath acquainted many a mate.
Where riot rules within the ſhip, there Whoredome holds an Oze,
And Sloth doth holde the fickle helme, while Enuy row to ſhoze.
There Cruelty doth turne the ſayle, and theſe the Ancor caſt,
There Gluttony ſleepes vnder hatch: and Sickines comes in laſt.

Blaſphe-ming

Blaspheming of the liuing Lord, with Riot shakes his hand,
And false attempts with Flattery, doo sinke the ship in sand.
When Riot lieth, and all his mates, the sea doth make her pray,
And swalloweth quick those passengers, which walke that wery way
In youth my freend, while yeres be green, beware of Circes charms
And stop thy eares whē Sirens sing, whose notes pretendeth harme.
For why the baite which fishers vse, were of to great a price,
If that the pleasant taste therof, the fish did not intice.
And subtil foulers would accompt, their labor lost in vaine,
If that the draught of simple birdes, did not requite their paine.
Bee not to bolde to trip thy selfe in Cressids subtill traine,
For hee that reche his foot to far, can not returne againe.
And wanton wordes may rule thy will, and turne thy wit away,
And wise men often bee to seeke, in that they ought to say.
This is the glasse, the which I sent, thy cumly face to vew,
Till other glasses may be bought: and thus my freend adew.

## A letter to Richard Ra. lyinge *in his death bed.*

Memento mori.

OH call to minde, forget not thy estate,
And ponder well, within thy musing minde:
Wherein thou ought'st alwaies to meditate,
That man is man, by property and kinde.
Yea man is man, experience this doth try,
Who flourisheth here, but yet at last shall dye.

For flesh is fraile, and framde of fickle clay,
Yea life is short, and breath is quickly gone:
Of whom the wormes doo seeke to make a pray,
When thou art dead, and couered vnder stone.
And to the wombe, where thou at first did lye,
Thou shalt returne, prepare thy selfe to dye.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

Remember death, and thinke vpon the end,
Bequeath thy soule, vnto the Lord of might:
And craue of him, such mercy for to send,
That when thou dieſt, thou maiſt inioy the light:
Which few attaine aboue the clowdy ſkye,
Which to attaine, prepare thy ſelfe to dy.

And faint not (Dicke) though denting death be nere,
For why thou haſt, run forth a roiall race:
Pull vp thy ſtrength, take hart and bee of chere,
And fix thy minde, vpon that bleſſed place:
Whoſe ioyfull ioyes, were neuer ſeene of eye,
Nor thought of hart: prepare thy ſelfe to dy.

For euery man which liued the age before,
Could not reſiſt, the denting ſtroke of death:
The ſtrongeſt men, whoſe fame is kept in ſtore,
Vnto the fates, did yeld their liuely breath:
Olde Adam hee, to this could not deny,
For why hee knew, that hee was borne to dy.

The former world, to this gaue their conſent,
Saturnus liued, and after died againe:
Yea all his ſtocke, with this was well content,
When death doth come, none can reſiſt his paine:
Death play thy part, and life away ſhall fly,
All muſt confeſſe, that they are borne to dy.

The ſtately ſtreats, and Turrets all of Troy,
Be now caſt downe, and flatling lie on ground:
All Pryams ſtocke, the Grecians did deſtroy,
Rare was his chance, and ſeldome to bee found:
Alas what tho, the Turrets all on hie,
Yet cloed to duſt, and Troians all did die.

Eneas ſcapte, Antenor did the ſame,
From whom death purſued, with all his lordly route:
Some die in floods ſome other die in flame,
And Partiall blaſe, haly ſcorched other out:

For

For when as death, this present life doth,
Prepare thy selfe, for then needefull thou dy.

Dy (oh my Dicke) why shouldst thou grutch to die,
What wouldest thou wish, to liue in this annoy?
What is there left, that should delight thy eye?
What is there now, that should augment thy ioy?
Then farewell life, and welcome death say I,
Come, death, come, come, let vs prepare to dy.

Ah welcome death: alas what haue I sayd?
Nay welcome life, and farewell death againe:
But oh my freend, I pray be not dismaide,
For where wee liue, in death wee do remaine.
Then farewell death: the life it is we dy,
Which to obtaine, let vs prepare to dye.

To dy I meane, out of this deadly life,
To dy I meane, out of this care and woe:
To dy I meane, out of this wofull strife,
To dy I meane, and free my selfe from so:
To liue to life, and dy to sin meane I,
To liue in ioy, let vs prepare to dy.

To liue in ioy, to liue in heauenly blisse,
To liue in ioy, in mirth solace and glee:
To liue in ioy, who would not dy for this,
To liue in ioy, where all the Angels bee:
To liue in ioy, which ioy none can destry,
To liue in ioy, let vs prepare to dy.

Prepare to dy, out of this world of woe,
Prepare to dy, out of this sea of sin:
Prepare to dy, to hauty heauen to goe,
Prepare to dy, the heauenly life to win:
Prepare to dy, to liue within the sky,
Prepare to dy, I say prepare to dy.

And though the paines, and pinching pangs of death,
Perhaps do ſtinge thy filly naked hart:
Be not diſmaid, feare not to yeeld thy breath,
To him which can aſwage thy ſwelling ſmarte
And dreadfull dumpes: for of this minde am I,
With Chriſt to liue, feare not with Chriſt to dy.

And this thou knoweſt, that worldly life is vaine,
And though thou liue, perhaps yet forty yeares:
Confeſſe good Dicke, diſſemble not nor faine,
Shall not thoſe yeares, be garniſhes all with cares:
And yet at laſt, all this by proofe wee try,
When death doth call, then Dicke perforce muſt dy.

Perhaps thy freends, do ſit in high renowne,
And thou by them, maiſt haue of good eſtate:
Perhaps thou wiſh to weare a Conſuls gowne,
Or els to ſpend, thy life with ioyfull mate:
Wherto beeing raiſed, and to this ſtate ſo hye,
Alas (thou ſayeſt) twould greeue thee for to dye.

I know thy minde, thy freends oft haue I ſeene,
Their good eſtate I muſt confeſſe no doubt:
I know their care, which vpon thee haue beene,
I know the meanes, which parents haue ſought out:
I know thy loue (oh Dicke) I doo not lye,
But for all this, prepare thy ſelfe to dye.

For why thou knoweſt, the ſoule it is moſt deare,
To bee preferd, before the body vilde:
Then if thou ſeekeſt for pleaſures that be here,
To beautifie that part which is defilde:
Seeke, ſeeke, and ſearch: thy diligence apply,
T'adorne thy ſoule: prepare thy ſelfe to dye.

And thus I end, but one thing by the way,
If God graunt life and longer dayes to thee:

Thanke

Thanke him therfore, to whom ceaſe not to pray,
Both for thy ſelfe, and then thinke vpon mee:
Who for thy ſake to mighty Ioue will cry,
To ayde vs both, but yet prepare to dy.

And thus I ende, as erſt I did begin,
Prepare to dy, for why thy fleſh is fraile:
And call to minde, that Hauen to enter in,
Whoſe ioyfull bankes, in winter will preuaile:
In winters raine, when windes do blow in ſky,
Couch in this hauen, ſo ſhalt thou neuer dy.

## The poore Knight his Paramour, written to M. Iohn Com. Phiſition, and his ſinguler Mecænas.

Nudior Leberide.

A Parramour I haue, you ſhall not know her name,
Which neuer ceaſt to follow mée, ſince I to Cambridge came.
Shee loues mee paſſing well, I can not her abide,
And yet perforce, doo what I can, ſhée hangeth on my ſide.
Shée coucheth euery night, next to my tender breſt,
And many times ſhée ſaith: what will? and lets mée take no reſt.
Among my deadly foes, my body ſhee doth kéepe,
Shee kéepes the key of all my cheſtes, both when I wake and ſleepe.
I bring nothing to ende, nothing I do begin,
But ere I goe about the ſame, I haue her minde therin.
For this her gentilneſſe, I can not bée content,
But wailing of my heauy hap, alas I do lament.
And vnto you I ſend, as to my only ſtay,
To aſke that Phiſikes Art, may driue my Paramour away.

## To Thomas Ro. the poore Knight ſendeth greeting.

Aſinum tondes.

Thou wailes thy heauy hap & chance, thy ſtate thou didſt lament,
Thou ſeekſt ỳ which thou canſt not finde: alas bée thou contents.
And builde no more vpon the ſande, the flint no iuce will giue,
And from the Well thou canſt not fetch, thy water in a Siue,

To pull a balde man by the crowne, what vantage canſt thou ſée,
To teache the Iron ſwim abouc, great wonders theſe ſhould bée.
To ſow thy ſeede among the Rockes, or plow the ſand for ſalte,
The one declares a vaine attempt, the other ſheweth a fault.
But if thy minde haue doted erſt, and Glaucus change haue made,
I wiſh thee well for to be wiſe, and learne a better trade.
For as Vliſſes profered Wine, to Poliphemus ſtout,
And when as Wine had won his wit, hée bored his eyes out.
So thee by thee if thou continue, in this thy dotinge minde,
Thou ſhalt prenaile as ſome time hée, which would correct the winde
Bée ruled then and take thy reſt, and marke my wordes againe,
For if thou ſtriue againſt the ſtreme, thou beateſt the clouds in vayn.

## To his freend Iohn R.

YF that two euilles, bée offered to thy choice,
Then take the leaſt, as reaſon will thee guide:
And for thy chance, thou maiſt with hart reioyce,
That of them twaine, the leaſt did the betide:
But this I ſay, and councell thée beware,
Which long time ſince, was ſnarled in the ſnare.

For when I did the ſmoky houſe abſtaine,
Leaſt that my eyes, with wattery ſtremes ſhould flow:
Beholde I chanced, in cottage to remaine,
Where flaming fire, did bring the Rafters low:
The ſtone, the tyle, and all was burnd with flame,
And I alas, conſumed with the ſame.

Much like to him, which in another caſe,
Eſchued the raine, which from the ſkye did fall:
With ſpeedy flight, hée haſtened in his race,
Till hee in pit was drowned horſe and all:
Wherby I ſee, I may conclude no doubt,
The leaſt of euils, is to bée choſen out.

## To his freend Bartholmew Ien. Eſquilla non naſcitur Roſa.

IF Roſes ſpronge of white thorne bowes, & grapes on thiſtles grew
Or if from Okes, wher Acorns bée, good Apples did inſew,

Then

Then wine and frute, ſhould not bee ſkant, our ſences plainly tell
And euery ſhade and pleaſant groue, ſhould yeld a fragrant ſmell.
But theſe bee woonders for to ſee, wee haue not heard of ſuch,
And Nature in this ſodaine chance, ſhould change her ſelfe ſo much.
But yet more ſtrang, mee thinke it is, both to my minde and eyes,
That from the wet and watry ſeas, great flames of fire ſhould riſe.
Then way my freend, not what I ſpeke, but what I meane hereby,
What doſt thou meane to beate thy ſelfe, in freeſing froſt ſo ly.
Can fire giue forth an yſie colde, which doth perlaine to froſt,
Or els to yelde a burning flame, haue Ice their nature loſt?
No, no, my freend, infected ſalues, can not make whole thy wound,
Then walke out on the fickle flods, in ſtede of ſureſt ground.
For why with thē which bee not ſound, thou ſhalt corrupt thy minde,
And in the vty, vnſauory ſhip, no ſauor thou canſt finde.
Then way my wordes with reaſons rule, and proue my ſaying true
The Thiſtle can not beare a Grape, and thus my freend adiw.

To Abraham Iohnſon. Nuſquam tuta fides.

IF Auncient writs do beare recorde, and ſeeme the truth to tell,
No faithfull frendſhip as I finde, in mortall men do dwell.
For why? the Father ſley the Sonne, the Sonne the Father kill,
Upon the Sonne, and father eke, the mother worke her will.
The Brother with the Siſter iar, the daughters bane prepare,
To ſee the Mothers finall end, and pay the fathers ſhare.
The kinſmen ſtands alofe and ſee, the one not truſt the other,
The nayburs as the kinſmen all, haue baniſht fayth together.
The foe ſees this, and gins to ſmile, for ſtrife doth like him beſt,
The rauening Coocko layes her egges, within the Sparrowes neſt.
And euery thing runnes out of courſe our time is almoſt ſpent,
The night is almoſt nere at hand, tis time for to repent.
Wherfore my freend, counſell thy frend, as I ſhall counſell thee,
For to prepare againſt that time, when direfull dome ſhalbe.

The poore Knight his loue, to Rich. Ron.

A Lady bright I loue, which in this Ile doth dwell,
I loue and not alone, for many loue her well:

# The poore Knight his Pallace

Her mansion where shee keepes, few doe attaine to sée,
About her place faire gates, to enter three times three.
Yet few doe enter in, shee calles, but few doe come,
Shee becks to mee and saith, shee will prepare a rome.
And when I thinke to goe, with fresh assaite to proue,
I enter in and search: but cannot finde my loue.
And yet I sée a far, where other men doo play,
And with the price I bid, to beare my loue away.
Then tell to mee my freend, and writ to mee thy minde,
For louers lawes thou knowest, how I my loue may finde.
And that your learning might absolue mee of this doubt,
Within these written lines, her name is quoted out.

## To his freend Roger Phil. Metuit cautus.

THe litle lad which once hath felt the fire,
Eschueth the same, and feares the flittering flame:
The silly Mouse which hath escaped the wire,
Will long beware for touching of the same.

The simple Birde, which thinkes not of the Grin,
Is take in snare, and made the foulers pray:
The foolish fish, that swims with floting fin,
Fulfilles the wish, of him which baite doth lay.

Then well I sée, that which I haue not knowne,
Experience makes, the disarde to beware:
And they which know, not where the Hempe is sowne,
Vnto their paine, bée snarled in the snare.

Then would that I had knowne longe time before,
That which with price, I haue most dearely bought:
But now I hope, to faile therin no more,
But yet I haue, the duty that I sought.

For if I had, bèen warned by my freend,
I might haue feared, the price wherof I feele:
But when I thought, therof to search the ende,
I dronke so much, it caused my head to reele.

Then

Then where thou wisht, to know my good successe,
And why I cease to sew againe for grace:
Lo here I liue, in mestfull heauinesse,
And of my sute, I leaue a vacant place.

## To VVilliam Godf. Frontis nulla fides.

IN Sommer tide, & florishing Month, when euery herb was grēne,
And euery bow began to bud, most cumly to bee seene.
In pleasant Herbar where I walkte, to recreat my minde,
Beholde I pray, what yll successe, I chanced for to finde:
Vnder a set of Margerom, which in that place did grow,
For pleasant shade, and fragrant smell, when I had couched low.
And Margerom had giuen mee leaue, vnder her winges to rest,
I thought my selfs as neere to Heauen, as is the Egles nest.
Wheras I had not couched long, but tumbling too and fro,
Behold a Serpent venemous, forth from her Den did goe.
And hissing forth her venomed toung, shee stonge my brest most fore,
Which doone, shee did returne againe, from whence shee came before.
Take heede therfore by my yll lot, take heede therfore say I,
For vnder Hony oftentime, doth cankred poison lye,
And in that bed of whose faire branch, my Poste I would make,
I must confesse, though to my paine, I found a stinging Snake.

## To his freend Robert Dyne.

Vulcanium vinculum.

NO Iron chayn, nor fetter strong, no band which hand could make
As thou alleage, haue halde mee back, my promise for to breake.
Nor yet that ielous thought of thine, haue made mee slacke and slow,
No curious charms haue touched my brayn, ẏ make mee sloth to show
Ne is my minde changed so much: my state is not so good,
Ne haue my lippes I vow to thee, once sypt of Letho flood.
But yet beleeue mee, gentle freend, though I so long delay,
And though I breake my couenant made, my minde doth not decay.
Which oft my letters haue bewraide, which I before haue sent,
As well the cause wherof I stay, as of my whole intent.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

The curious Artes of Parnas hill, do aske a longer race,
And hee which with for Thespias spring, must watch for time & space
And hee which once begins to goe, and fainteth with his labor,
The Muses haue declarde long since: to shew to him no fauor.
But all his paine is clene forgot, his labor all is lost,
Loe this it is, which held mee backe, from comming to the coast.
But if that God shall graunt mee leaue, this Letter is the last,
Then looke for mee, and thus adew, from Cambridge in all haste.

## To Maister Iobson.

Qui é nuce nucleum esse, vult nucem franget.

TO maske within the Front of Fame, to wear the Laureat crown
To march with worthy Martial might, to purchase high renown.
It is not wonne with cowards hartes: for why such slickering fame,
Deserue such deades as iustly may, demerit all the same.
And first the labor must bee spent, before the end insue,
And hee which seekes the sounding blast, no labor must eschue.
For as wee plainly see by proofe, that hee which gapes for gaine,
No daungerous death, or dint of sword, is giuen to disdaine.
So hee which seekes to liue for aye, within the mouth of men,
Will not refuse the strong conflict, within Leerna Fen.
Had Iason left the golden fleece, when hee to Colchos went,
If Aiax in the Troian toyle, at Greece had bin content:
The fleece had beene at Colchos still, Medea had bin true,
And Aiax might haue held his hands, such valiant actes to shew.
Had Cæsar stayd in Britanny, had Brutus kept his ire,
Pompey had liued in royall Rome, and Percia kept from fire.
Yea neither hee, nor this nor that, had liued so fresh in minde,
But fame did force & pricke them forth, which came of gentil kinde.
Glaucus, of whom the Poets pen, haue found pastime to wright,
Feared not the floods to follow her, which was his chefe delight.
Then marke the end, and way the end, the ende is cause of fame,
And hee which hopes to win the end, doth neuer feare the same.

## To his freend Richard Bontly.

BEyond sea boy, beyond sea wilt thou wend,
Christ shilde my birte, and keepe my childe from care:

Before

Before thou goest, read this that I shall send,
And thinke on it when wee a sunder are:
For when I heard, thy ship thou didst prepare,
To sulke the seas, and forrow foming flood:
(Alas my boy) absence did make me feare,
And want of time, did streeke my minde in moode,
But sith that Loue, hath so estæmde it good.
To turne thy minde, and kæpe thee heare a while,
Loe if it rayne, I send to thee a hoode:
To kæpe thee dry, and daungers to eryle,
To keepe the dry, least raine thy clothes defile.
Then way it well, which shall bee sayd of mee,
And though perhaps thou do not like the stile:
Of truth I know, the matter fit for thee,
First feare the Lord, which ruleth Heauen and sea:
And euery thinge that mooueth in the same,
Which when thou seest, let God remembred bee:
And thinke on him, which euery thing did frame,
The subiectes here, beholde to thee I name.
For euery thing is too long to rescite,
The Heauen, the Earth, the Water, and the flame:
The Sunne, the Moone, the day and clowdy night,
Such is his power, such is force and might.
Which when thou seest, then thus begin to muse,
O Lord thou knowest, eche thing is in thy sight:
It is but vayne, my sinne for to excuse,
But graunt mee Lorde, thy graces so to vse.
That to thy praise it may redound at last,
For without grace eche thing I shall abuse:
Thus thinke my freend, when thou the seas art past,
Another thing I warne thee of in haste.
Eche forran lande, hath many a subtill sleyght,
And forrain snares, will make thee soone agast:
Eeh sundry place hath many a sundry bayt,
Here lurketh one in Dungeon of deceit.
An other there, in secret Den doth ly,
The Romish Church for thee will lay great wayte:
But oh my frænd, from pelting Papistes fly,
Fly, fly from those, kepe not their company.

Ouoyde

Auoide those mates, wherof I haue thee tolde,
For surely freend, they stinge so secretly:
That if the wound, begin once to be colde,
It is as hard the same for to vnfolde:
As to remoue the Pope out of his place,
Trust not to far, good freend bee not to bolde:
Least you be sicke, before you know your case.
Another thing, beware of in your race:
Beware I say, of those which fawne with guile,
Which merily will cheare you in the face:
And sooth you forth: with many a wanton smile,
And heapes of wordes, they sticke not to compile.
I nede not name them in more plainer sort,
Which redieſt bee, at all times to beguile.
Eschue all such, vnto your owne comfort,
Vnto their tentes, in no wise do resorte.
But when they becke, beware least that you bow,
Oh gentill freend, eschue that filthy sport:
And say your freend, of this hath counselled you,
Then if thou meane, his counsell to allow.
And thinke on it, when you haue past the Sea,
Then shall you see, and for this perceiue how:
Thou of hye Ioue, shalt alwaies blessed bee,
Blessed I say, so will hee comfort thee.
That though thou chance, not to returne againe,
(God hold my childe, and keepe both thee and me:)
Yet shall thy soule, alofte with him remaine,
And though thou chance, to soiorne longe in Spayne:
In Germany, in France, or els in Rome,
Do not forget, that minde for to retaine:
Which erst thou hadst, when thou therto didst come,
Remember still, the dreadfull day of dome:
Be curteous still, bee sober, meeke, and wise,
And hasten thee vnto thy natiue home:
Ill company, see that thou doest dispise,
Least that by them, some danger should arise:
And if thou chance in Venice for to stay,
I say no more, thou knowest what I surmise.

Vnto my frẽd commend mẽ by the way,
And wiſh him well, to make no more delay:
But to returne when time ſhall him permit,
And this is all, thou knoweſt what more to ſay:
Which vnto Ben, I meane not to commit,
Thou knoweſt my minde, and ſo know I thy wit:
Loe this is all, I geue vnto thy taſke,
And thus farewell, vnto a ſeaſon fit:
Whoſe ſake returne, of mighty loue I aſke.

## To Thomas Tur. by the example of Perillus, alluding to Quod tibi non vis fieri, alteri ne feceris.

HAd not the cruell bloody kinde, imbrued it ſelfe with blood,
No doute the life of Phallaris, might ſome haue doone much good.
For why? ill manners did corrupt, and baniſht ciuell kinde,
And gaſping thirſt of humaine blood, defilde a worthy minde.
Whoſe workes be yet this day, to ſee how much hee ſtood in awe,
Of Sages wiſe, whom hee eſtemde, which did neglect the law.
Of him and of his Tortures great, all voyde of ſparkes of loue,
Who hath not read, and yet once red, whoſe harts doth hee not moue?
Did not Perillus bloody wretch (whoſe factes my grefe renew)
From Athens bring the brazen Bull, if Poets workes be trew?
Hoping of him which loued the ſame, for to obtaine the prize,
Whoſe wordes did ſoone bewray his Art, and vttered his deuiſe.
Oh noble Kinge (quoth hee) beholde, in Athens where I dwell,
Thy fame is ſpred, for why eche one, thy tyranny doth tell.
The Brute wherof vnto my eare, by chaunce did come of late,
As well of thee as of thy life, and of thy proſperous ſtate.
And by my trade (oh noble Kinge) I vſe to worke in Braſſe,
Loe here a worke, which of good will, I offer to your grace.
The like to it ſince Saturns dayes, was neuer wrought before,
Nor as I thinke by mortall hands, can neuer hee made more.
For loe, the Torture is ſo ſtrange, the torment is ſuch paine,
The like to it you haue not had, nor ſhall not haue againe:
Theſe wordes inflamed his furious hart, which thirſted after blood,
And to Perillus furiouſly, hee ſpake with raging moode.
And ſayd, Perillus ſhew the vſe, ceaſe not for to declare,
And I will well reward thy paines, Perillus doo not feare.

# The poore Knight his Pallace

The Bull is hollow (noble Prince) a man therin may lye,
Allender flame bæing made with out, hæ ſhall conſume and fry.
His ſpæch ſhall turne like to the noyſe, that liuing bulles doth make,
And for a terror to thy foes, I made it for thy ſake,
Poſſeſſe the ſame: which done, the Kinge his gloſing wordes to try,
Firſt put Perillus in the Bull, where hæ him ſelfe did die.
And after him that curſed Bull, to many brought great ſmart,
And Phallaris did ende his life, within Perillus Art.
By whoſe cruell end, I dæ perceiue that counſell wiſe to bæ,
Doo thou no worſe to other men, then they all doo to thee.

To R. Baker. Virtus poſt funera viuit.

TO tell of them whoſe famous facts, haue won no ſmall renowne,
Eyther with glittering blade in fælde, or els with Conſuls gowne.
Aſwell within our native lande, or els in forrain ſoyle,
My Muſe doth lothe that labour great, it were to great a toyle.
But yet ſhæ daines at your requeſt, for to diſcribe at large,
And as the ſeaſon will permit, her duty to diſcharge.
In Vertues race guide well thy ſteps, in her put thy delight,
For Fame doth fauor Vertues houſe, frō whence ſhæ takes her flight.
Whoſe ſounding Tromp doth warne all thoſe, which ſæke renowned ſtate,
To arme themſelues in Vertues tent, & fight in Iuſtice gate.
Who often ſayth, chære on my harts, your manhood ſæke to try,
I will preſerue your dædes on liue, your fame ſhall neuer dy.
Alcides hee, whoſe heauy hand, the Centaures dw lament, (repent.
Whoſe direfull ſtrokes the Stigian Knights, with pitteous plaints
Was moued to force, by flickering fame, his faithfull frænd to fetch
Whoſe lingering liues, ỹ furies fierce, on whirling whæle did ſtretch
With pricke of praiſe, King Peleus deare, did ſaile frō gallant Greece
And conquered the golden Ram, and ſtole away the Flæce.
When praiſe did pricke the panting hart, of Pallamedes Prince,
Hæ rygde his ſhippes, and hoyſed ſayle, the Troians to conuince.
If Pirhus father had not ceaſt, the handmaydes wæde to weare,
Then Homers hand had ſtayd his quill, which doth his actes declare.
Come ſubtill Sinon tell the truth, what did thy hart inflame,
To hazard health with forrain foes, but hope of future fame.
Lycurgus leaue thy exiled life, come home, come home againe,
Nay, nay, I meane while life doth laſt, an exile to remaine.

For

For though I dy a banisht wight, yet this I know most sure,
That all the world shall pen my praise, while Ætas yeares indure.
So fancyed the fainting mindes, of them which liued before,
That they in hope of perfit praise, Dame Vertue did adore.
For nothing was esteemed so much, as for to leaue behinde,
To those which should succæde his rome, as was a vertuous minde.
For praise did tickle toward wits, and made them search the way,
To purchase fame, which should remaine, when they were shrind in clay.
This caused Alexander stout, to take the war in hand,
In hope to conquer all the world, as well by sea as land.
And Tully with his filed toung, did sæke to purchase fame,
And all the Roman Emperours, haue leaueld at the same.
What should I say? I faynt to tell, or to discourse of all,
And bare remembrance of the same, doo make my pen to fall.
And bid mæ cease, for why? Dame Fame haue sworne and can not ly,
That shee will not permit the dædes of valiant wights to dy.
Then let vs sæke to hit that marke, wherto wæ should attend,
I meane to win eternall life, which neuer shall haue end.
For Fame in tract of time will slæte, but that shall euer last,
Fame serues but for this present life, but that when life is past.
So let vs trust to Vertues waies, in hope the same to try,
That wee by proofe may plainly plead, that Vertue can not dy.

To his freende and kinsman I. Tin.
Satius est initijs, mederi quam fini.

The Pacient which by yll succesle doth beare the daungerous sore,
Whose swelling smart, & painful panges, increaseth more & more
Doth sæke the Surgeons skilfull hand, his paine for to aswage,
Before the wound bee festered far, to mitigate his rage.
For why? the Surgeon willeth this, before the cure bee past,
Which done, hee layeth his helping hand, & heales the wound at last.
When winde hath rent with raging blast, the tender stocke and tree
At first if helpe begins to faile, then no redresse can bee.
And hunters vse to trade their hounds, in youth to hunting game,
Least that in age when time shall serue, they should neglect the same.
For that which brædeth by the bone, will hardly bee remoued,
And men in age will scarsely lothe, the thing which once they loued.

Then muſt I nedes reioyce my freend, that fortune doth reueale,
That thing to mee, which thou from mee didſt purpoſe to conceale.
Fame telles to mee with ſounding Trompe, that thou begins to loue,
I doo beleeue, yet Fame at firſt, could hardly credit moue.
But when as true Report was blaſed, Miſdout was baniſht quite,
And thou wert fayd to ſue for grace, which is a louers right.
I ſpeake by geſſe, for why I lacke experience of the ſame,
I neuer ſerued her whom thou ſerueſt, nor neuer playde her game.
Yet this I thinke and do confeſſe, that loue may well bee vſed,
I know the ſame, I read the ſame, it ought not bee refuſed.
So long as loue keepes lawfull loue, and flies from Cupids Court,
Or if vnto Dame Venus Vale, it ginnes not to reſorte.
From whence (my frend) I counſel thee, with tender loue and care,
That thou abſtaine, as well becomes thee to eſchue that ſnare.
And fix not thou thy fancy there, where care is baniſht quite,
But if thou loue, loue ſuch a one, as may yeeld thee thy right.
For if thou run in Laborinth, without Ariadnes clew,
Tis hap if thou finde out the dwze, wherin thou didſt inſew.
Firſt looke, then leape: for why to leape, before thou ſetſt the ground
Perhaps thou maiſt leape in the Sea, whereas thou ſhalt bee drownd
Or els vpon ſome craggy Cliffe, whoſe ſtones thy head will daſh,
Or els vpon ſome pointed Speare, which in thy ſide will laſh.
Then wilt thou ſay, ah ha my freend, thy wordes are proued true,
Then looke I pray, before you leape, and thus my freend adue.

## Maiſter Alexander D. gaue this Theame.

Multa cadunt inter calicem ſupremaq; labrat.

BE not to bold, in chance and change, is oft a ſodain ſight,
And none doo know the victorer, while foes bee at the fight.
While Saylers ſulke vpon the ſeas, they know not where to land,
And ſome which thinke to hap in Hauen, do ſinke within the ſand.
The fiſh which byteth on the baite, hath cleane forgot the ſnare,
And euery thing in proſperous ſtate, hath baniſht mortall care.
But yet ſo quickly turnes the wheele, the fates do change ſo ſone,
That good ſucceſſe, do ſeldome come, good dayes be quickly gone.
And hee which liues, can not prolonge, his yeares by halfe a day,
But when time comes, ſay what hee will, yet muſt hee needes away.

The

The corne which groweth vpon the ground, before it ſhoote to blade,
Reuiues his hart, which long before, a good accompt hath made.
But yet before the Harueſt come, it falles and fades away,
And when the Barne doth aſke his right, the corne lyeth in decay.
Then truſt not vnto fickle fate, for why from ſun to ſun,
I meane from Morne to Euen wes ſee, that diuerſe things be done.
And in the Moment of the time, and twinckling of an eye,
Behold the man that liued in ioy, is ready for to dye.
Such is our ſtate, ſuch is our ſtrength, wheron wee daily truſt,
But if wee hope wheron wee holde, needes muſt we ly in duſt.

The poore Knights lamentation: wherin hee earneſtly bewayleth the late loſſe of diuers worthy Gentilmens lyues, that died of a verye ſtrange diſeaſe, at Oxforde, in Iuly 1577. among whom died Sir *Robert Bell*, Lorde cheefe Baron, and Maiſter *Nicolas Barham*, Seriant of the Law, both Iuſtices of the Aſsiſe there, with other Knights and Gentlemen, beſide Studients and others of all degrees, as followeth.

STand ſtill yee Fiends of Limbo Lake, ye helliſh hounds giue eare,
Stay Theſeus on thy whorling whele, harke what I ſhall declare.
Come plonge in pit of paynfull plight, yee Furies three I pray,
Oh Pluto marke my dolefull mone, giue eare what I ſhall ſay.
And rue with mee the rufull chance, and mone the yll ſucceſſe,
The dolefull dole, the heauy hap, the dumpes of deepe diſtreſſe.
Which Oxforde Towne hath had of late, moſt freſh & new in minde
Harke, harke, ye Dames of Stigian flood, and waile by courſe of kinde
And though no teares of furies eyes, will eaſe the fatall fall,
Yet plaints of you which Furies bee, may moue the minde of all.
To ſay with mee, as I haue ſayd, alas helpe to deplore,
And waile ỹ chance, like to which chance, no chance hath chanſt before
In Oxforde towne, or Engliſh ſoile, ſince worthy Troians time,
Sence Brute in coaſt, did ſeeke by fame, to cluſtering clowds to clime.
Oh ſtrange diſeaſe moſt ſtrange to tell, and ſtrange to call to minde,
As thundring fame hath tolde for truth, as reaſon did her binde.
Alas, alas, I rue to thinke, I tremble for to tell,
My fainting hart is much apalde, my ſoule in greefe doth dwell.
But yet alas what boote to mone, where teares will not auayle?
No gentle wordes will fence the Forte, where deuting death aſſaile.

No ſugred termes will ſtay his ſtroke, no force will make him fly,
No ſubtill ſleight of mortall minde, hee wayeth no hydeous cry.
No worthy actes can bannish death, or cause him to relent,
No fame, no name, for good deserts no dayes in Iustice spent:
Can him intreate to holde his hand, no hope of future gaine,
Which might redound to common wealth, can cause him to abstaine
But oft that Impe by whirling winde, is blasted to decay,
And soneſt beares the withered leaues, whereof most hope doth stay.
Of Troian soile, let Hector say, let Pyrhus speake for Greece,
Or ioyne Achilles if you please, and Paris with his peece.
Macedons Prince may tell his tale, and Cæsar may discharge,
That good Hamilcars eldeſt Sonne, by proofe may tell at large.
What needs I range, sith ranging far, doth breede to great annoy,
Sith Bell, & Barham may blaze forth, which once were Englands ioy
Ah sounding Bell, ah Barham bolde, (I meane in Iustice cause,)
Ah true maintainers of the right, and strengthners of the lawes.
How oft can VVeſtminſter report, whose record can not ly,
Your true deserts in Pleas of price, your worthy wits to try.
How oft can al Assises say, loe Bell, loe Barham hee?
Verdy in skill of Lawiers trades, those worthy champions bee.
How oft hath Bell beene sounded of, through euery Shere & Towne?
How oft hath Barham through his deedes, atchiued high renowne?
But out alas, the Bell is broke, and Barhams toung doth stay, (obay.
For Death hath stroke, whose daunting dartes eche worldling must
Both Iudge & Shrife, both Shrife and Clarke, yea Clarke & Cryer al
Must giue accompt before the Iudge, when Christ his Cryer call.
And well I hope hath Bell deserued, and Barham shal haue meede,
With all the rest aloft in skyes, wheras the Angels feede.
And you ye doughty Knights whose corps, be laid in mourning graue
Whose bones shall long bee kept in store, a good reward shall haue.
And though ye waile, yee Templers all, for them which you did know
Which oft within your costly Courts, their sage aduise did show.
Yet sith the Fates haue cut their clewes, sith Lachesis hath sayd,
That shee would stretch her hand no more, then be you well apayde.
And stay from murmering at their fate, such fatall hap had they,
(Whom God had long ordaind before, to visit in that day.)
As few haue seene or heard the like, with watery eyes lament,
With salted sighes, and gushing teares (which all in vaine be spent.)

In

In Oxford Towne euery where, where fame hath blowne her blast,
And scalding sighes in sundry brestes, haue vowed for ay to last.
What shall I say? what shall I wright? or shall I leaue my verse?
How can my hand holde fast my pen, these dolours to reherse.
Nay, nay, as great a greefe as that, did more augment my paine,
Which yet hath lurkte, concealed fast, but can not so remaine.
Euē for your sakes yee Studients all, whose greefe increase my smart,
For whom my minde was troubled sore, (all flattery set apart)
Not mine alone, but thousands more, did see themselues agreeued,
And askt on knees of mighty Ioue, your time might bee releeued.
How many harts haue wept with vs, which neuer saw that towne,
How many cheekes were moistned here, with teares ỹ ran adowne.
Should Cambridge smile, & Oxforde weepe, then Camb. were vnkind
Nay, nay, my harts, your swelling smart, did beat in euery minde.
And flods of teares, for you did flow, repleat with mestful mone,
So Cambridge swere that Oxforde towne, shall neuer more alone.
Nay God forbid that Cambridge hart, should euer harden so,
That would not send forth gushing teares, to weepe for Oxfords woe.
For why? no hart was hardned so, though it were made of braste,
That would not weepe for Fraunce his fall, when feirce Afflictiō was
And rue with Antwerpes ruinous ruthe: alas what hart had beest
That would not say Antwerpe adew: or Fraunce, Christ light for thee,
Then who could cease (although hee would) your fate for to deplore?
Sith wounds that sticke more nere the bone, do breed the greter sore
And though the case were far vnlike, to Fraunce and Antwerps ruthe,
Yet was your case as strange to tell, as Fame hath tolde for truth,
Yea though your chāce were much more les, yet ought we to cōplain,
Sith that your ioy increase our mirth, your woe doth bring our paine
Then what was left for Cambridge towne, when Oxford felt the rod,
But still to waile and weepe for you, and pray to mighty God:
That hee when his good pleasure were, his heauy hand would stay,
And with his powre as well hee can, remoue his scourge away.
And cease not you, as wee for you, to Ioue for vs to call,
That he would hold his stroke away, and keepe our towne from thral
That you which felt his heauy hand, and wee which rued the same,
May ioyne in one to laude the Lorde, and praise his holy name.
And bee content to beare the blow, which hee to you hath sent,
Though you had taste of bittter pangs, (good harts) yet be content.

For:

# The poore Knight his Pallace

For why? when God shall thinke it good, in the twinckling of an eye
He can revoke that hee hath sent, your constancy to try.
Till then we weepe, and pray for you, and listen what insew,
Desiring Christ to stay his hand. From Cambridge thus adew.

## The poore Knight his farewel to his Booke.

IF Robinson, which hath no cause to feare,
Did stand in dout, that hee should haue a rome:
Where Cheryll keepes, that hee I say euen there,
Should stand and tell, what Poets thither come:
Behinde the doore, there Cheryll tels his case,
And whips the hogges, out of that sacred place.

If hee I say, this infamy did feare,
Which hath deserued, such fame in English coast:
Then farewell Booke, thy Maisters hap declare,
Who thinkes himselfe, inferior vnto most:
Thy Maister feares, by crooked chance and fate,
To haue a place without the Porters gate.

Not once to see, the Lawreat Poets place,
Ne yet to speake vnto that dogged wight:
Then farewell Booke, bewray thy Maisters case,
Who stands in dout, to put his name to light:
Least that as hee, which Cheryll hath to name,
The world should seeme, to blaze thy Maisters shame.

And sith thou art in yeares my eldest Sonne,
Disdaine thou not, this viage to begin:
From hand to hand, addresse thy selfe to ronne,
And seeke good will, of euery man to win:
If Momus barke, and Zoylus gin to chat,
Be of good cheare, and ow not blush at that.

And if thou spede, ere many yeares bee past,
Thy brethren shall insew thy former race:
If thou speed not, then shalt thou bee the last,
As thou wert first, which did begin this case:
Speede well, spede yll, herof shalbe an ende,
Adew good Childe, commend mee to my frend.

FINIS.